



No. 543.—VOL. XLII.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 24, 1903.

SIXPENCE.

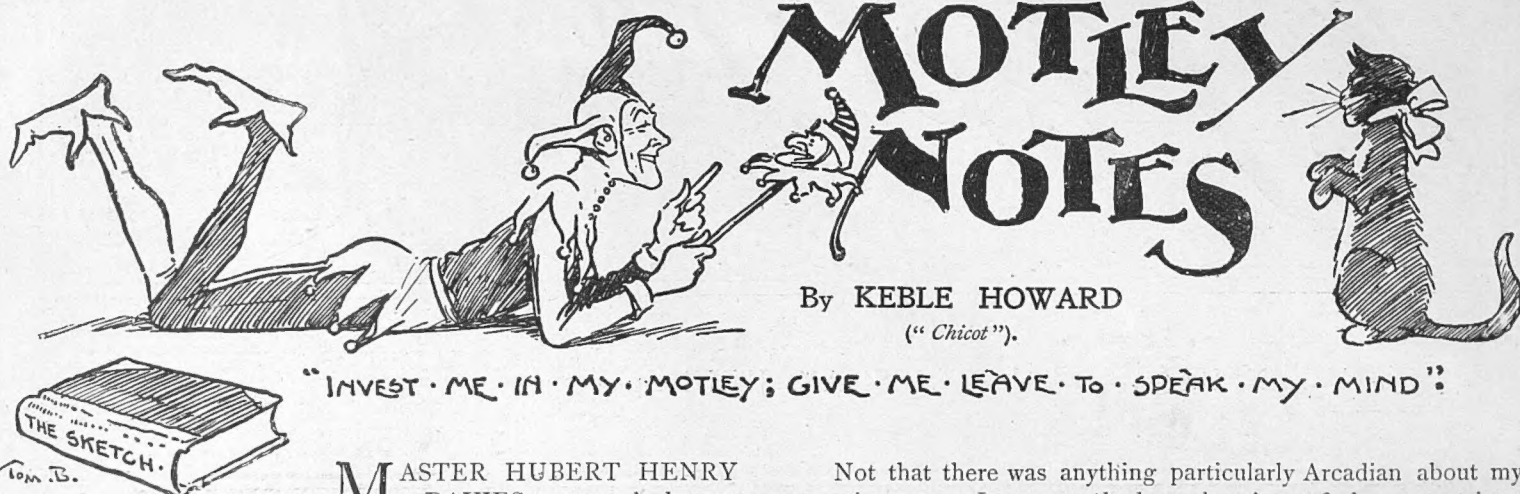


[Photograph by Lizzie Caswall Smith, Oxford Street, W.]

MISS ELIZABETH SHELDON, "ANTHONY HOPE'S" FIANCEE.

*Miss Elizabeth Sheldon is the sister of Miss Suzanne Sheldon, the well-known actress, who was recently married to Mr. Henry Ainley, the young actor. The sisters are of American parentage.*





"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"



MASTER HUBERT HENRY DAVIES, commonly known in theatrical circles as the "Boy-Dramatist," is getting over his shyness quite nicely. On the first-night of "Mrs. Gorrings Necklace," you will remember, Sir Charles Wyndham had quite a business to get his prodigy to acknowledge, in person, the hoots of the gallery. There was nothing of the kind, however, on the production of "Cousin Kate" at the Haymarket last Thursday. The piece went very well throughout, and when the audience called for the author, Master Hubert popped round the corner of the curtain as nimbly as a squirrel. There is another clever boy, by the way, connected with the new Haymarket comedy. His name is Master Cyril Smith, and he looks about ten years old. Some slight confusion was caused on Thursday among the chatterers between the Acts, who found themselves under the necessity of discussing two prodigies in ten minutes. "What a clever boy!" remarked a youthful playwright to his friend. "Yes," agreed the friend, "he acts very naturally." "Oh," said the playwright, "I was speaking of Davies!" The remark rather tickled me, for I had just been informed, on excellent authority, that the "Boy-Dramatist" had, at any rate, reached five-and-thirty. When you come to think of it, a man of less age would hardly dare to have two plays running simultaneously at leading West-End theatres.

Speaking of shyness, I could forgive any young man for shirking a little family dinner-party at the home of Mr. Hudson, Mathematical Professor at King's College, London. The Professor, in his year, was Third Wrangler; his son was Senior Wrangler in 1898; his elder daughter was "equal to 8th" in 1900; and now Miss Hilda Phœbe Hudson has come out "equal to 7th." Just imagine the fate of the youth who ventured, whilst seated at that awesome board, to speak airily of George Robey or the "Twopenny Tube"! On the topic of croquet, perhaps, he would be comparatively safe, since I read that Miss Hilda Hudson is also the holder of the Croquet Champion Cup at Newnham. For myself, I doubt whether I could keep up an animated conversation on croquet for more than an hour, but I suppose one would be allowed the usual commonplaces about the weather and motor-cars. "What wretchedly wet weather we're having!" would take one through the soup; "Do you motor?" ought to be good enough for the fish; and then, if the lady were kind enough to reply, "No, but I play croquet," one could get along fairly decently until the sweets. After the sweets, luckily enough, conversation has a tendency to become general.

I don't know whether the American 'Varsity-girl cares about croquet, but I do know that she is fond of walking, because there was an article about it in the *Daily Mail* of last Wednesday. With regard to her costume for walking, I gleaned, as they say, the following interesting details: "Simplicity is the key-note of the college-girl's dress for a walking tour—a jersey, a hat, and good boots complete her equipment." It has remained for the American girl, you see, to lead us back to the homely, unostentatious fashions of the Golden Age. The local peasant-folk, I gather, have already accepted the change. "Sometimes a dozen girls," the *Mail* continues, "will walk day after day through the lonely countryside, asking advice from no one and seeking protection from no one." After this statement, it is a little bit of a shock to read that the American college-girl, when in camp, does her own cooking with the aid of the latest thing in oil-stoves. They had no oil-stoves, you know, in the Golden Age. I should have preferred to believe that the American girl cooked not at all, but just subsisted on a frugal, idyllic meal of wild berries and wild nuts. But an oil-stove! Almost, above the scent of the dew-steeped grasses and the night-cooled trees, one can smell the steak-and-onions for the American girl's supper! Heigho! We are as far as ever, I fear, from the groves of Arcady.

Not that there was anything particularly Arcadian about my own campings-out. I was attached, at the time of these experiences, to the Volunteer Corps of a certain University, and we made our encampment, each year, in the Colonel's park. True, we lived for a week under canvas, but I have since suspected that our lives during this period had little in common with the pretty carelessnesses of the Golden Age. Thus, on rising each morning, we would find splash-baths awaiting us in the neighbouring shrubbery. A splash-bath, of course, is not an oil-stove, but even a splash-bath would have been out of place in Arcady. Our meals were conducted in the most civilised fashion; indeed, we dined at seven o'clock to the strains of a high-class military band. Sometimes, in the mornings, we would endeavour to justify our holiday by digging shelter-trenches or field-kitchens, but it was seldom that our work went unrelieved by a glass of shandygaff at the expense of the Colonel or the Adjutant. And nightly, before retiring to rest, we would loll at our ease round a camp-fire whilst the musical members of the Corps sang sweetly to us of love and glory, or ran their nimble fingers to and fro over the keys of a modern piano. I am bound to admit, nevertheless, that I thoroughly enjoyed my weeks under canvas. Perhaps it was just as well, in those days, that my thoughts turned not to the languorous simplicities of the Golden Age.

Mr. John Lane, whose especial privilege it is to usher little pink poets into the world, is to be heartily congratulated upon the literary birth of Miss Ethel Clifford. Babe though she be, Miss Clifford's mewlings are full of melody, her infantile kicks are instinct with grace and beauty. One of the most charming things in "Songs of Dreams" is the writer's dedication to her mother—

"Do you remember how at Airolò  
I made a posy of the white and blue,  
And thought, 'Such lilies Mary has in heaven,'  
And brought them to my best-belov'd, to you?"

"Dear, as I brought the best of Airolò,  
The lilies shining with the morning dew,  
So with the best of these the songs I make,  
I bring them to my best-belov'd, to you."

Good, too, are the "Songs Out of Doors," more especially, as it seems to me, this verse from "A Song Out of Oxfordshire"—

"I would the time were come again  
When we might watch the falling rain,  
Close hidden in our forest house  
That is so roofed with woven boughs  
There is no entrance for the rain."

The "Songs of Love," as might have been expected of one so pink, are passionless and unconvincing. The poet seeks to substitute fantasy for genuine feeling, the result being flabbiness. But there is nothing flabby about "Cain's Song," one of the "Songs of Dreams"—

"Outcast am I: but the earth, fertile and kindly,  
Stretches beneath me. The sun sinks in the west,  
Golden and red, and I see it, while Abel sleeps blindly,  
Deaf to the rain, and I hear it. Lord, which is best?"

"Cursèd am I: but the night has mysterious giving  
Of dreams, and day lights fires that burn in the east and west.  
Thy favoured one lies in his grave, and I, thine accursèd, am living,  
Quick in the wonder of earth and the sunlight. Lord, which is best?"

A girl who can write like that whilst still in her teens should do something very good in the years to come. In the meantime, I do not at all regret having purchased a copy of Miss Clifford's book.





"COUSIN KATE," THE NEW COMEDY AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.



## THE CLUBMAN.

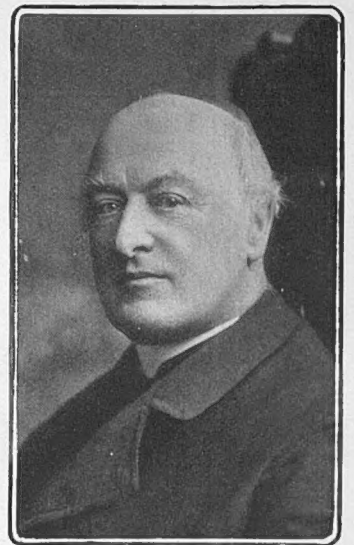
*How we Receive our National Guests—Why not Show Them our Clubs?*

WE can give our guests a warm welcome on arriving in London, as President Loubet will find when he presently comes amongst us, but to receive this welcome he must be driven in a corkscrew fashion about town from the station to his lodging in St. James's Palace, and sent either along the quays or through narrow streets to the City. We want a processional road in London very badly indeed. The French can disentrain visiting Monarchs at the Bois de Boulogne Station and they pass down the Champs-Elysees, seeing Paris at its best. There is plenty of room for every Parisian who wishes to look at a King on the broad sideways by this road, and so Kings and people are both made happy. We, when a King comes to visit us, shoot him out of his saloon upon a narrow platform, take him to a dingy station-yard, and arrange the route of his progress to his lodgings so that he shall pass through Piccadilly and St. James's Street, two thoroughfares which are not at all imposing but which are the best we have to show.

That the President of the French Republic should be housed at York House is quite a happy thought on the part of somebody, for though the house which the Prince of Wales occupied before he moved over the way to Marlborough House is small and cramped in comparison with the mansions of most of our great nobles, it stands in the oldest of our Palace precincts, and St. James's, with its old red-brick walls, its low-browed archways, its arcades and little courtyards, pleases a foreigner's eye more than the bastard Italian architecture of most of our great modern houses.

The luncheon at the Guildhall will not impress M. Loubet in the least. He will, no doubt, thoroughly appreciate Messrs. Ring and Brymer's turtle-soup, and a "Warden pie" will be a new gastronomic experience for him; but a French President who is accustomed to

preside at banquets given to all the Mayors of France and similar gigantic feasts will look on the civic gathering as quite a small affair. As a Clubman, I am clannish enough to think that what would impress the distinguished French visitors more than anything else London can show them would be the interior of our Club-houses, and those they are rarely or never shown. In all other decorative matters they beat us hollow. The interior of Covent Garden Opera House will be turned into a bower of roses, but, after the magnificent approach, entrance-hall, and grand staircase of the Paris Opéra, the drive to the London house seems like an alley leading to a passage and the servants' staircase. A Parisian race-meeting, compared with a British suburban one, is like a garden-party contrasted with a mob-meeting; at a Review in Paris, an army is concentrated at Longchamp or Vincennes, while we can only put guests into trains and convey them to the miniature Sahara at Aldershot or show them a regiment and some "details" of the Household troops on the Horse Guards Parade. We have no great thoroughfares, the road in Hyde Park from the Marble Arch to Hyde Park Corner being the nearest approach to a processional road we now possess, though when an entrance to the Mall is driven through into Charing Cross we may possess, at least, one triumphal thoroughfare. The centre of the Empire, as Buckingham Palace may be termed, is a smutty-faced building looking more like a workhouse than a Royal dwelling-place.



THE LATE CARDINAL VAUGHAN.

*Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.*

## THE LATE CARDINAL VAUGHAN.

Cardinal Vaughan, who died during Friday night at St. Joseph's College, Mill Hill, had been in failing health for some months. Although it was well known that his end was approaching, no one realised that it was so near, and on the morning of Thursday he had made a solemn profession of faith before the altar of the College Chapel, and afterwards addressed the Canons, priests, and students. While, perhaps, not so universally popular as his predecessor, Cardinal Manning, Cardinal Vaughan had, by great tact, unflinching discretion, and a simple, manly, ascetic life, won the admiration of many of his Protestant fellow-countrymen. Indeed, a one-time neighbour and clergyman of the Church of England says of him, "The sincerity of the Cardinal, his capacity for work, his broad sympathies, and his wide view of men and affairs struck everyone who came across him." Cardinal Vaughan did good work for the Church of Rome in England and he will be long remembered for his missionary zeal and as Founder of the Mill Hill College where he passed away.

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To-morrow, at the Steinway Hall at 8.15, Madame Recoschewitz Wilson will give a most interesting concert. She will be assisted by her daughter, who gives wonderful promise as a singer. Though only fourteen, Miss Marie Wilson has an exquisite voice and is already winning laurels. Mrs. Melville-Simons, Miss Buckstone Browne—both pupils of Madame Recoschewitz Wilson's—Madame Adelina de Lara, and Mr. Hirwen Jones will also contribute to the programme.



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(See "Heard in the Green-Room," Page 359.)



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June 24, 1903.

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## SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

OUR Sovereign was well inspired when he decided that the official celebration of the King's birthday should take place in the Month of Roses rather than in dreary November. The King will be present to-morrow at the Trooping of the Colour, and, if only true King's weather will attend the ceremony, Londoners in their thousands will be present in the Mall to wish their popular Monarch "many happy returns of the day."

On this occasion the gathering will take place, as it always does each year, in the Botanical Gardens, and the great feature will be the dancing by tiny mites of the most intricate and quaint figures.

*Mrs. Alfred Harmsworth.*

Of new-century hostesses, one of the most charming and successful is the youthful wife of Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, who has been called not without reason the "Napoleon of Journalism." Mrs. Alfred Harmsworth's beautiful house in Berkeley Square has seen some wonderful gatherings, and both during the Diamond Jubilee Season and during the Coronation festivities Mrs. Harmsworth entertained those who were in a special sense the nation's guests. Quite recently, she was one of the hostesses at the Albert Hall Ball, and on this occasion she brought a very distinguished party. Like so many modern women, Mrs. Harmsworth has many hobbies. Both her London house and her lovely country home are full of curios, collected by herself. As most people are aware, Mr. Alfred Harmsworth is one of the great authorities on automobilism, and Mrs. Harmsworth, though a first-rate horsewoman, is as great an enthusiast in the cause of the horseless carriage as is her distinguished husband.

a great part in to-morrow's arrangements. entertain, and it is said that the Prince of Wales will be the guest of the Premier, while the Duke of Connaught will honour either Lord Lansdowne or Mr. Brodrick with his presence at a full-dress banquet. During the time that statesmen are dining "to celebrate His Majesty's birthday," the Duchess of Buccleuch, as Mistress of the Robes, will entertain at dinner the wives of Cabinet Ministers at Montagu House.

*Some Royal Plans.* The news that the Review to be held by the King last Monday had been postponed was, perhaps, not unexpected by those who realise what a difference the weather makes to such a function. Everything points to the fact that the Royal Irish visit will be exceptionally brilliant; the King will hold a Levée and their Majesties a Court, at which latter function, it is interesting to learn, all the presentations will be made by the beautiful Vice-Queen. The King is also evidently determined that President Loubet's short visit shall be marked by great pomp and splendour, and it is thought that the date of one of the two State Balls will coincide with the President's stay in London. It is almost certain that a great garden-party will be given at Buckingham Palace before the close of the Season, and Society is also looking forward eagerly to a ball at Marlborough House.

*Two Charming Children's Fêtes.* The news that the Queen is probably to give a large children's party at Buckingham Palace will surely fill with delight the nurseries of Mayfair. Time was when gatherings of this nature were quite among the most charming functions of the London Season. In those days the children's parties took place at Marlborough House, and their Majesties' sons and daughters proved the most charming little hosts and hostesses imaginable. On these occasions, the then Prince and Princess of Wales entertained their young guests with the greatest zest, providing various forms of entertainment for their delectation, these being followed by an old-fashioned, sit-down tea. There is a pretty account of a Royal children's party in Madame Waddington's lately published Letters. Yet another fête to which many fortunate children must now be looking forward is the annual event which is being organised by Lady Ancaster on behalf of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.



MRS. ALFRED HARMSWORTH.  
Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.



*Mr. Chamberlain's Policy.*

While Mr. Chamberlain is pushing his policy with restless energy, his colleagues say that all agreed upon is an inquiry. The Colonial Secretary is conversing frequently with members of the House, arguing, persuading, and conciliating. He is, undoubtedly, gaining converts. Those who admit that some step must be taken to meet the commercial menaces of Germany are inclined to side with Mr. Chamberlain, seeing that he has a policy and that the others have none. There are many members now who predict that he will succeed.

*Lord Goschen's Revival.*

The House of Lords, one of the most placid of assemblies, was thrilled last week by Lord Goschen's brilliant attack on Mr. Chamberlain's policy. When he retired from office in 1900 and became a Peer, it was assumed that his public work was done and that he would spend his days as a silent ornament of the "Gilded Chamber." Lord Goschen has, however, continued to take keen interest in political affairs, and his speech last week was one of the most vigorous he ever delivered in his life. It was very effective in argument, and passages of it were pronounced with great animation. From a man of seventy-two who had passed through a strenuous career the effort was remarkable. Twenty years ago, Mr. Goschen was one of the most powerful critics of Mr. Chamberlain's Radical schemes, and in the struggle now opened the Colonial Secretary must reckon with his old adversary.

*Lord Goschen's Son.*

Unlike other prominent Unionist statesmen, Lord Goschen has not obtained a place for his son on the Treasury Bench. Perhaps the young man's inclinations are not in that direction. He is a quiet member of the House of Commons, handsome and distinguished in appearance, tall, straight, rather pallid, with dark hair and single eye-glass. Young Mr. Goschen stood in front of the throne in the House of Lords during his father's recent speech, and naturally he looked very proud on account of its success.

*Mr. Balfour and the Duke.*

While the Prime Minister has no "settled conviction" on the questions raised by Mr. Chamberlain, the Duke of Devonshire showed very clearly that he, at any rate, has strong convictions in favour of our present fiscal system. A statesman who was the friend of John Bright will naturally hesitate long before he tampers with Free Trade. His speech in the debate in the House of Lords impressed hearers by its sincerity. He agrees to inquiry in the same sceptical spirit as the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and expresses his determination to assent to no change which would lessen the margin between the poor classes and starvation. Lord Goschen appealed to the Duke to take no hand in a gamble in the food of the people. The appeal was not thrown away on a conscientious statesman.

*Abington House.*

It is thought in Lanarkshire that Sir Edward and Lady Colebrooke will probably entertain a Royal house-party at Abington House next autumn. This charming place was burnt down while its owner was at a Newmarket meeting, but the rebuilding was put in hand very soon, and, as is generally the case, the new house is even finer than that which once stood on its site. Lady Colebrooke is devoted to her Scottish home. She is a very good artist, and quite an adept at wood-carving; indeed, in the grounds of Abington House is a pretty rustic building a portion of which is fitted up as a workshop. The daughter of the late Lord Alfred Paget, the mistress of Abington House has grown up in the Royal Circle; since the Accession she has become one of a group of London hostesses most frequently honoured by the presence of the Sovereign at dinner.



ABINGTON HOUSE, LANARKSHIRE, THE RESIDENCE OF SIR E. A. COLEBROOKE.

Photograph by Reid, Wishaw.

*A Policeman Composer.*

Though, in general, the lot of a policeman may not be a particularly happy one, there are exceptions to this as well as every other rule. Thus, recently we have had Constable Jones, of Leeds, exhibiting a clever painting in the Royal Academy, and now another policeman, Charles Teike, of the Potsdam Force, has become a musical composer of some celebrity. His march, "Old Comrades," has attained such favour that it is played by over six hundred bands in all parts of the world, and commissions are said to be pouring in upon the fortunate constable. Like the policeman artist, the composer has, at present, no intention of leaving "the Force."



CHARLES TEIKE, THE POLICEMAN COMPOSER.

The Carlyle controversy disgusts me. Why cannot friends and foes leave the memory of the great writer in peace? When both sides have said all that their knowledge, invention, or emotions can devise, who will be the better? Endless discussion cannot affect the question of Carlyle's literary reputation or the question of Froude's taste. So far as I can see, Carlyle's value to us and to our descendants lies in the quality of his message, in the value of the books he wrote. All other questions belonged solely to his own time, and died with him. To rake them up to-day is to exhibit the worst possible taste and do the least possible good. For myself, I would rather have one chapter of "The French Revolution" or the "Sartor Resartus" than all the petty details a biographer can arrange concerning the man who wrote them. I hope and believe that most readers will share my views.

Apropos of the *Daily Mail* correspondence, Mr. St. John Adcock sends me the following clever verses on "The Art of Acting"—

Who says that acting's not an art?  
A truce to such detracting!  
Why, right throughout it, from the start,  
The art of life is—acting;  
So let the player lift his head  
And smile on his detractors;  
The world's a stage, as Shakspeare said,  
And *all* of us are actors.

And yet, though these be simple facts  
Round which the wiser rally,  
Of course, not every one who acts  
Can act artistically;  
But then, the man of calm restraint  
And he whose tongue is tarest  
Must own that out of all who paint  
Not every one's an artist.

I think that none will shrink or shirk  
From making this concession:  
We judge the artist by his work,  
And not by his profession;  
And some who act may touch the height  
With him who wrote the drama;  
And others, men of art, who write,  
May fail for want of grammar.

I think, when Maud or Rose or Kate,  
Intent on bonds marital,  
Is sweet and coy to fascinate  
A man of wealth and title,  
Though on the stage she does not spend  
Her powers in earning cash well,  
Her subtle acting may transcend  
The art of Lena Ashwell.

Or when a man who's tired, at last,  
Of ranking with the vicious,  
Makes up, and covers all his past  
With virtues meretricious,  
And poses as a saint, to cheat  
The world to which he panders,  
His acting may be as complete  
An art as Alexander's.

Don't whittle down the word and bring  
Your whittlings to converse on:  
There's really Art in every thing,  
But not in every body;  
Don't heed the dogmas dullards start,  
Nor sneerings of the smartest:  
It is the Artist makes the Art,  
And not the Art the Artist.



*A Group of Engagements.*

Of great interest to Society are the four new engagements. The two Peeresses-elect are Mrs. Turnure, the future Lady Monson, who is an American; and the future Lady Bagot, Miss May, of Maryland, also a fair daughter of the Stars and Stripes. Lady Muriel Fox-Strangways, the only daughter of Lord and Lady Ilchester, is to marry a Dorset magnate, Mr. Digby, of Chalmington; and Miss Lucy Beckett, Mr. Ernest Beckett's pretty daughter, is making a great foreign marriage, her fiancé being Count Otto Czernin of Dimokur, an Austrian diplomat who is now attached to the Embassy at Rome. Lord Monson's marriage is interesting to the diplomatic world and to our Royal Family, for his father was the very intimate friend and servant of the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. Lord Bagot was A.D.C. to the then Lord Lorne when the present Duke of Argyll and Princess Louise were in Canada. He is a clever, cultivated man, and was till now one of the small group of Peers who are looked upon as confirmed bachelors.

*A Charming Young Couple.*

Early marriages are once more the fashion; it is said that the late Queen greatly approved of them, and also that she liked to hear of a bride and a bridegroom being much of the same age. The Master of Belhaven, who is now engaged to Lord Dundonald's pretty daughter, Lady Grizel Cochrane, is among the youngest of marriageable elder sons, and it

knows where most of the low-lying partridges' nests on his place are situated, and is a very enthusiastic sportsman, sent for the eggs as soon as the barometer warned him of the break-up of the fine weather, had them collected without any casualties, and put them partly under hens and partly into incubators. It is too early to say, at time of writing, what the result will be, but the author of the ingenious expedient—who, by the way, is not an Irishman—declares he has saved the lives of over three hundred unborn partridges. In all probability, the hens entrusted with the hatching of part of the eggs will reduce his estimate considerably, for they are far too clumsy to rear such delicate babies.

*That Terrible Income-Tax.*

Intelligence does not thrive in the pure, bracing air of the country. Muscle improves and mind degenerates, or I am forced to think so. The other afternoon, I was present at a conversation between two countrymen—one a farmer, the other a shoemaker. The shoemaker has a big meadow, and the farmer, who is a yearly tenant, wants to buy it. "I can't sell ut to ye," said the shoemaker, at last; "I daren't have any more money in these times." As the village has never known anybody more dangerous than a poacher, I was rather astonished, and the shoemaker explained himself. "You see, sir," he said, turning to me, "that income-tax be so terrible big that, if I sold th' field, they'd



LADY GRIZEL COCHRANE AND THE HON. R. HAMILTON (THE MASTER OF BELHAVEN), WHOSE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED

Photographs by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.

seems but yesterday that Lady Grizel was the beauty of many a children's party. Like his father, who served in the Zulu War, the Master of Belhaven starts life as a soldier, for, after leaving the Royal Military College, he joined the Grenadier Guards, and it will be remembered that he was among the younger officers whose names were mentioned in connection with "The Guards Case." Lady Grizel is the daughter of a house famed in our island's story. Her father, Lord Dundonald, is a worthy scion of his race; he was the first officer to enter Ladysmith, and more than one of his inventions proved during the late campaign of signal service to the British Army.

*Sporting Prospects.*

I must confess that my belief in a good sporting season has been severely shocked by the recent heavy rains. All over the Eastern Counties, in places where the flat land allowed the heavy downfall to rest, the damage to partridges has been considerable, and, doubtless, other parts of Great Britain have suffered in some degree. Eggs that should have been hatched by the end of this week have been chilled and spoiled in scores of low-lying nests. Very young birds just hatched out have been drowned or smothered in the mud that sticks to their feet and feathers. Ground game will have suffered too, for baby rabbits that have not yet left the "stop" in which they were born will have been drowned by the score. Very young hares will have succumbed to the rain and mud; they will not have the sense to seek high, dry ground. A friend of mine, who

come an' take elevenpence on every pound I got for ut. Last year they'd ha' took fifteenpence, an' I can't afford to gie ut to 'em, an' that's a fact." I explained that he would only be required to pay upon the interest investment of the purchase-price yielded him, but he was not convinced. "If't so be I didn't invest ut at all," he said, "they'd make me pay on the lot. I know 'em; wunnerful artful they be, to be sure, an' ain't got much money, I reckon, since they paid for th' War. So I won't sell ut to ye, farmer, and don't ye try to argy ut." With these words he returned to his work, and the field remains unsold. It is only fair to the bootmaker to confess that many of his friends and neighbours have an intelligence very similar in quality to his.

*The King and Queen of Italy.*

At last it has been decided that the Queen of Italy will accompany the King when he pays his visit to President Loubet in Paris. Some rigid sticklers for etiquette held that, as the wife of the President of the Republic is a private person, it is contrary to rule for a Sovereign visiting Paris officially to be accompanied by his Queen; but they forget that the Czarina accompanied the Czar to Paris, and that the Protocol had no objection to make in that case. It has now been decided that the precedent holds good, and so the Parisians will have the pleasure of welcoming Queen Helena. They are delighted to do so, as she has the reputation of being a great beauty.



*Lord Bute's  
Scottish Home.*

The brilliant ball given by the Marchioness of Bute is the opening of a series of gay functions in which her Ladyship will take the lead in Society. The Marquis is only twenty-two years old, and his sisters and brothers are, like himself, all unmarried. He, of course, is several times a millionaire. Mount Stuart, his principal seat, is a comparatively new mansion and was built by his father at a cost of fully a million pounds. There is an immense quantity of marble used in the interior decorations, including a marble hall and staircase. It is a large, irregular building of curious design, with a situation facing the Firth of Clyde. There are several miles of park and policies, gardens and hot-houses; all the island and several smaller ones belong to the Marquis of Bute, who also owns Dumfries House, Cardiff Castle, and other places.

*The Pope.*

Rumours have been again current regarding an alleged increase in disquieting symptoms in the health of the Pope (writes my Rome Correspondent). I am glad to be able to state that these reports are gross exaggerations; while it is true that His Holiness has felt to a certain degree the approach of summer, his general health has not suffered to any appreciable extent. Most people who remain in Rome are slightly affected by the heat, and undoubtedly the Pope, like everyone else, finds that he too is a little upset. There is, however, no reason whatever for believing that the Pope is weaker than he was three months ago. The Pope was one of the first to hear of the terrible tragedy in Serbia; he is reported to have been very much agitated on the receipt of the news, and to have lifted up his eyes and uttered a prayer for the souls not only of the murdered, but also of the murderers, after which he murmured the Italian equivalent of "Terrible, terrible!"

*The King of Italy's  
New Country  
House.*

The King of Italy, desirous that his little children should enjoy the benefits of country air and yet be not too far removed from the Quirinal, has acquired a villa outside Rome on the Via Salara, called the "Villa Ada." The position is excellent and could hardly be improved upon. On the one side the large yellow chateau, with its green blinds and cool and comfortable interior, looks out upon the lovely mountains, and on the other upon delicious fields with groups of stone-pines dotted in every direction. Round the house itself runs a splendid garden with abundance of trees and foliage and flowers. It is indeed a superb country residence for the children of His Majesty. It is hoped that the fact that this villa has been taken by the King will result in a great improvement of the immediate neighbourhood, which is greatly spoilt by the squalor and dirt attendant upon the tumble-down, barrack-like houses used by the poor of the district.

*The Chancellor's  
Humour.*

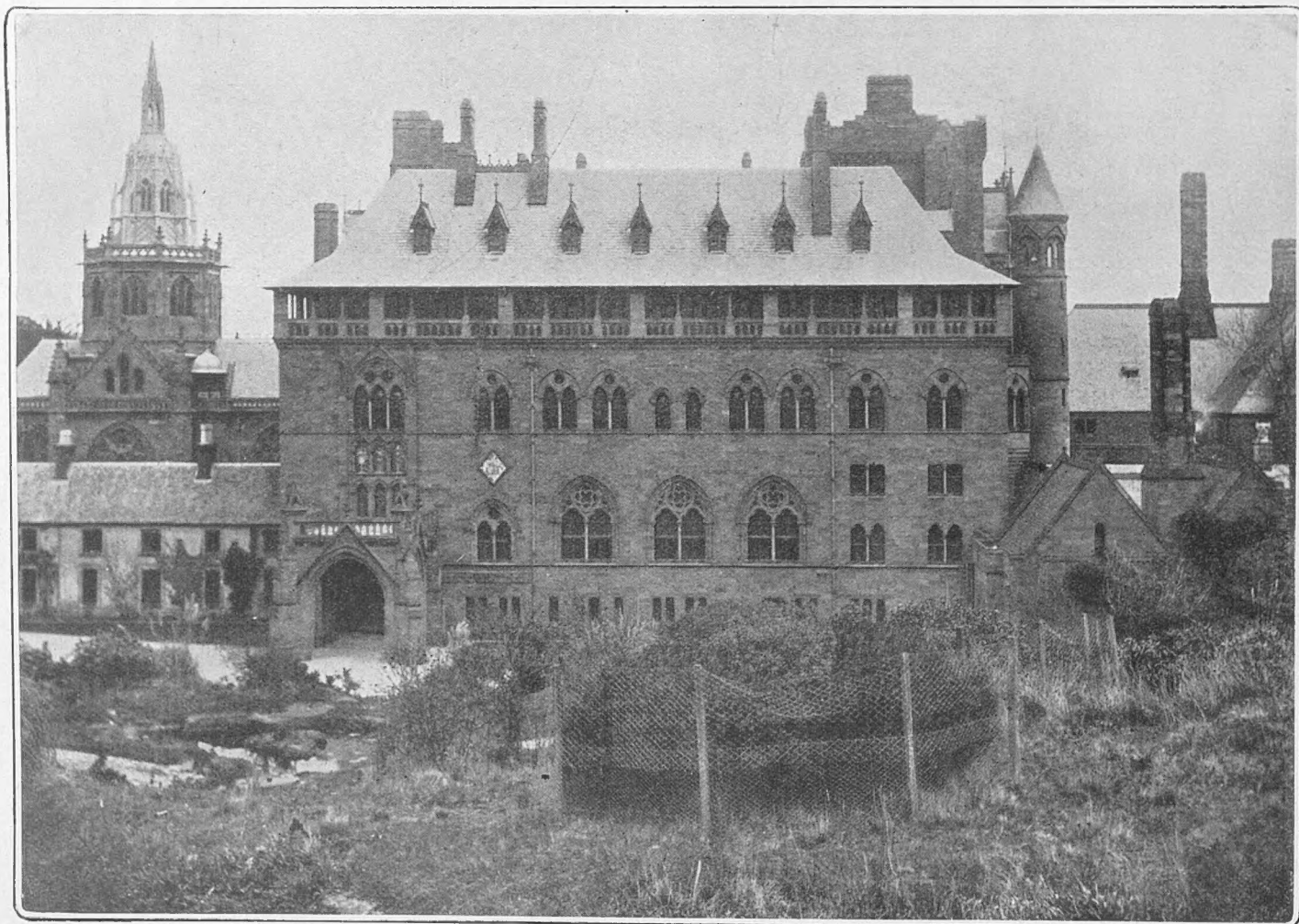
Count von Bülow, the German Chancellor, on his return to Berlin a few days ago, profited by a pause in the journey to observe the pretty park adjoining the station at Wismar (writes *The Sketch* Correspondent). The news that a saloon-carriage with the Chancellor was at the Junction awaiting the up-train speedily circulated through the town, and as Count von Bülow, who was clad in a grey lounge-suit, reached the outskirts of the park, he found himself excitedly accosted by a gentleman who, with an introductory "I say," inquired of him if he chanced to have seen the Chancellor. "I hear," said the gentleman, "that he got out of the train down there." "You are correctly informed," humorously answered the Chancellor; "he did get out there, and you are now speaking with him." On receiving this unexpected answer, the provincial gentleman, who did not possess Count von Bülow's humour, completely lost his presence of mind.

*Anglo-German  
Courtesies.*

Military courtesies continue to be exchanged between Germany and England. A few weeks ago, King Edward presented a magnificent portrait of himself to his Prussian regiment of Dragoons, and last week a deputation of English officers belonging to the Emperor William's English regiment were the guests of their illustrious Chief in Berlin. The deputation, which was headed by Colonel Lord Basing, was royally entertained. It was afforded the opportunity of witnessing the Emperor lead one of his picturesque cavalry charges at the Döberitz Manœuvres. At the Army Races at Hoppegarten the British officers were the centre of popular curiosity, and their military appearance was the subject of flattering descriptions in the German Press.

*The New  
King of Serbia.*

Peter Karageorgevitch, the new King of Serbia, is a smart, fine-looking man of middle height, and has the appearance of being a thorough man-of-the-world. His dark hair, his moustache, and his short beard are only slightly tinged with grey. His face is oval in shape and is of a very pronounced Slav type. By the way, most of the photographs of the new King show him wearing a moustache only, but of late he has taken to a beard, worn short, after the Turkish fashion. King Peter is a well-read man, and speaks Servian, Russian, German, and French perfectly. At Geneva he has led a quiet and retired life, mixing chiefly with scientific men, though he has kept himself well up in all the questions of the day. His personal friends were chosen almost exclusively from the Russian colony in Geneva. The Prince was in the habit of leaving the town secretly, without telling anyone where he was going, and when he returned it was in the same secret manner; indeed, he never confided even to his best friends where he had been.



MOUNT STUART, ISLE OF BUTE, THE SEAT OF LORD BUTE: THE PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE.



For Languorous Londoners: Kew Gardens. Foreigners often observe that the entrances to London are curiously sordid and compare but badly with the roads leading into Paris and into Vienna. Not even the Gay City, however, can boast of more charming suburbs than Richmond on the one hand and Harrow on the other, and when the "Dog Days" come the jaded Londoner can hie him to Kew Gardens, certainly the loveliest of suburban pleasure-grounds, and formerly, it must never be forgotten, the private park of a Royal Palace. There is something strange in the thought that along the pretty paths and through the leafy dells where holiday crowds now saunter Queen Elizabeth must sometimes have taken the air; and Kew was, it is known, the favourite home of George II.'s witty wife, Caroline. Everything has been done to make Kew Gardens really attractive; still, it may, perhaps, be hinted that more refreshment-kiosks would add greatly to the comfort and even to the pleasure of those who frequent them.

Mount Nelson Hotel. The Mount Nelson Hotel, Cape Town, has been brought into prominence in connection with the court-martial convened to try several Imperial officers for the alleged ill-treatment of a civilian. It is the *hôtel-de-luxe* of South Africa and was the Mecca of officers who were fortunate enough to obtain a few days' leave from "the Front" during the recent campaign. It was also the headquarters of many officers whose duties kept them in the less-exciting regions of the base of operations, and also of many ladies who came out from England to be as near as possible to their husbands in case of the latter being incapacitated by wounds or sickness. With a constant change of visitors, together with the natural reaction after months of veldt life, it is not at all surprising that the Mount Nelson was the scene of much gaiety. In the foreground of the photograph is the artificial fountain in which the victim is said to have been ducked, and in the background may be seen the "stoep," or verandah.

A document of considerable interest in German history was publicly offered for sale last week. It was nothing less than the commission of the late Field-Marshal Manteuffel as the first Governor of Alsace-Lorraine. The General's son some time ago borrowed £500 on the document, and, as he was unable to redeem it, it was put up for sale. The commission is enclosed in an envelope, on which is written, in the late Prince Bismarck's own



MISS MARION DRAUGHN IN "A COUNTRY GIRL," AT DALY'S.  
Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.

handwriting, "The Nomination of Manteuffel as first Governor of Alsace-Lorraine." At the last moment the German Consul at Basle, where the sale was to have been held, intervened to adjourn the sale, and it is understood that the German Government will purchase the historic document.

Flies and Enteric Fever. Experts seem to agree that disease is responsible for more destruction in war-time than shells and bullets. One is pleased to see that the question of sanitary camps has been very carefully studied during the campaign in South Africa, and, if the recommendations made in recent reports are followed out, it is probable that future wars will be well-nigh content with the harvest of the bullet and the shell. Experiments made during the campaign in the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies go to prove that flies are the chief source of infection, that they carry the poison from place to place, and must be attacked as vigorously as any other enemy. Captain R. M. Cooper, of the Army Medical Corps, clever son of a distinguished father, who was in charge of the sanitary arrangements of Harrismith, in the Orange Colony, in 1901 and 1902, has contributed to a recent issue of the *Lancet* a very interesting paper on the influence of flies in the dissemination of enteric fever. In old times, people used to think that pestilence and famine were the

twin sisters of war, and that the disastrous fevers that followed an army in victory or defeat were part of the natural order of things and consequently inevitable. In the light of Captain Cooper's interesting paper, it is clear that fevers can be avoided so soon as sanitation

is properly organised and flies are destroyed. Few men shrink from dying a hero's death; still fewer could reconcile themselves to going through a campaign with distinction to die of enteric fever at the close. Yet hundreds who escaped from the enemy fell to the assaults of the flies, and certain energetic Generals who despised sanitation were responsible for no little of the fever trouble in the South African campaign.

The family of Obrenovitch is not absolutely extinct by the murder of King Alexander, for there are some descendants through the female line, notably the wife of Prince Mirko of Montenegro, and her brother, Colonel Constantinovich. But there is an even nearer heir to whom the partisans of the dynasty are already beginning to turn, and he is a natural son of the late King Milan who is now about fourteen years of age. His future will be well worth watching.



MOUNT NELSON HOTEL, CAPE TOWN, SHOWING THE NOW FAMOUS FOUNTAIN AND VERANDAH.



## SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

*The Karageorgevitchs in Paris.*

The Belgrade butchery was deeply felt in Paris, for the Obrenovitchs and the Karageorgevitchs lived there (writes *The Sketch* Correspondent in that city). Queen Natalie has a sumptuous appartement in the Rue Royale, while the volatile King Milan was a feature of the boulevards in varying fortunes, down till the days when he would accept a cheque to be seen in some enterprising restaurant. The murdered King had nothing to popularise him with the Parisians except his romantic marriage. He spent hours in Museums and Galleries, but the names of Réjane, Granier, Yahne, to say nothing of de Pibrac, de Vries, Landry, Otero, and so forth, were vague terms to him. The present King Pierre lived in Geneva because he was too poor to keep up any appearance, but the others, Arsène in particular, are lively men-about-town. The latter is a born gambler at the tables and on the Turf. His thirst for English liquors is something of a revelation. On the day of the murder, in a bar in the Rue Helder in which he is said to be financially interested, he called upon all the fair ladies present and his friends to drink to the destruction of the Obrenovitch dynasty. Champagne was drunk till it degenerated into an orgie, men and women being too tipsy to budge.

For the moment Santos-Dumont enjoys enormous popularity. He gave two or three hundred thousand people at Longchamp Races on Sunday a perfectly novel spectacle, for it is only enthusiasts and the wealthy who have turned up at St. Cloud at dawn. To the delight of the crowd, he plunged over the racecourse and strolled about in the air under perfect control. Finally, he descended, and much that was amusing happened. The moment he put his foot on the course an official demanded one franc for entrance-fee. Santos paid, with a merry laugh. But things became serious; the crowd was so dense that racing would have to be suspended if he did not leave, the Stewards told him. In a moment he was "No. 9." "Lucky number, 9," said someone in the crowd; "No. 9 won the last race." "Back it for the next," said Santos, and, surely enough, No. 9 did win. The really marvellous way in which he piloted his air-ship back to Saint Cloud secured him an ovation.

*Madame Anna Held.*

This beautiful artiste is, I hear, to venture on more ambitious work. M. Jean Richepin has finished a three-Act play ordered by her, to be produced first at the Knickerbocker Theatre in New York, and anon in London. The title? "Mlle. Napoléon." Richepin has a happy knack in dealing with history lightly without drifting into travesty.

*Great Police Joke.*

Paris is roaring, the writers of revues are content, and the purveyors of songs at street-corners are happy. It is all over the false Canon Rosenberg who

was dragged up from Beyrout to answer serious charges of fraud. The story of the arrest of Canon Dorval, who is of English origin, is very funny. He was sitting in his cell in the Lazariste Monastery at Beyrout under the designation of Rosenberg. Then the farce began, when he was in the presence of the other members of the Order. "Rosenberg, I am sorry for you! Confess all; we shall sympathise with you." Dorval's protestations were so genuine in appearance that there was some hesitation, but all doubt was removed by the arrival of an elderly priest, who took Dorval into his arms and kissed him passionately. "Oh, Rosenberg, that I should have lived to see this; I who played with you as a child, who proudly watched you grow up, a credit to yourself and a glory to your saintly parents!

Oh, Rosenberg; oh, Rosenberg!" After that there was nothing to say. By the time he got to Marseilles, he found it easier to say that he was the Canon, for, once on board, he asked the captain to listen to him, but the reply was a heavy regulation-revolver pointed at his head. In Paris he still signed "Rosenberg." The error of Justice was immediately discovered, and the public are asking what manner of Consul do they pay a salary to at Beyrout.

We werethreatened with a Gorky boom, but I think it has passed over. Everyone was on tiptoe with eagerness to see his masterpiece, "Wania," done into French by M. Persky. The play was beneath contempt. The audience did not conceal their irritation. Comment is useless. I must give M. Derival due praise for his impassioned acting as Wania.

The bitterly cold nights have done incredible harm to Neuilly Fair. When the terraces of cafés are deserted, a lazy stroll through the booths is out of the question. It is a pity, as there are some striking novelties, noticeably the "Hooping of the Hoop" by the public.

At one time the British people were always hearing of Royal lovers and

Royal betrothals, but some years have gone by since the last Royal wedding celebrated in this country; accordingly, the news of the engagement of His Majesty's great-niece, Princess Alice of Battenberg, to Queen Alexandra's nephew, Prince Andrew of Greece, has aroused a good deal of interest. The bride-elect is, in spite of her name, a British Princess; her father is a distinguished naval officer, and her sweet-faced mother was the eldest daughter of King Edward's favourite sister, the late Princess Alice. Very rarely does it happen in these days that a Royal couple are not related to one another; in this case, however, the Prince and Princess, though owning many close relations in common, have no blood relationship the one to the other. They met on the occasion of the Coronation festivities, and apparently it was a case of love at first sight. Last week, the Royal lovers formed part of their Majesties' house-party at Windsor Castle. It is as yet uncertain where the wedding is to take place.



A ROYAL BETROTHAL: PRINCE ANDREW OF GREECE AND PRINCESS ALICE OF BATTENBERG.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.



A QUICK LUNCH.

THE FRISCO REST.



1 p.m.  
enter restaurant



1.15 p.m. soup



1.30 chop & potatoes  
and automatic beer.



1.45 rhubarb & custard



1.55 clear away, bill & toothpicks

DRAWN—PURELY FROM IMAGINATION—BY RENE BULL.





## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

"ANDROMAQUE" AND "COUSIN KATE."

THE production by Bernhardt of "Andromaque" to me is the most interesting event of her season up to now—"Iris" has not been presented at the moment I am writing. It is a pity that she is not more lavish with the masterpieces of the French stage. For Racine's once revolutionary drama is a real masterpiece, capable, after nearly two centuries and a-half, of deeply moving one who is sometimes called a jaded critic. It is easy to believe that "Andromaque" is imperishable, though the fact that it does not contain such a great acting-part as "Phèdre" will keep it, to some extent, in the background, so far as performance is concerned, until, if ever, the reign of the "star" tragédienne is over. Should the time come when, in London, French actors other than M. Coquelin and, perhaps, M. Guitry are known to exist, we may see more of it, since the part of Orestes is really the most important of all and worthy of any actor. It appears that lately, in Paris, there was a storm when the play was revived; it was said to be acted in too modern a style and in defiance of traditions, and some complained that Bernhardt took the part of Hermione, the betrothed of Pyrrhus, and not that of Hector's widow. Of course, the question of traditions does not affect us, since we have none, and we are accustomed to see classic drama, when presented at all, in too modern a fashion. The other point is material. Andromaque is intended to be the central figure, and the great idea of the play is the struggle in her breast between the desire to save her son and horror at the thought of marrying the amorous Pyrrhus, whose father slew Hector, to whose memory such an alliance would be a fearful act of infidelity. To her are given the most important and beautiful scenes in the play, and the result of allotting the lesser part to the "star" is distinctly disturbing. It is the more remarkable that it can stand such violation. Racine, of course, wrote before the era of the "star" despotism. He did not give all the "fat" to the heroine. In his first version he brought on Andromaque for only a short scene in the last Act, and even cut that in the revised version; so it is not unnatural that Bernhardt preferred the character of Hermione, which has, almost at the end of the play, a prodigious scene of scorn, in which the actress made a terrific whirlwind exit. Even then she was cheated of the curtain. To Orestes is left the awful scene of madness from grief, horror, and repentance.

Fortunately, in M. de Max the Company has an actor capable of playing Orestes. To some of us he may seem at times over-loud in voice and extravagant in gesture. I wish I could see and hear him with French ears. A nation so sober as ours—in such matters—cannot easily appreciate such an actor. What to us may appear excess may to our neighbours be but moderation. If two Frenchmen in a conversation concerning the weather are as violent in gesture and strongly marked in inflection of voice as two Englishmen quarrelling about Free Trade, it follows logically that the Gallic actor at the top of heroic passion would seem cold and tame to a national audience if he went no farther than our players. Certainly M. de Max makes tremendous noises with his magnificent voice—a voice of great richness, though not, for some reason, quite effective in tones expressing tenderness and grief. One's pleasure in his really admirable performance was somewhat affected by the resemblance of his style to that of Bernhardt. It would be a great pleasure to see him as Othello, and Madame Blanche Dufrene, who represented Andromaque, would be a charming Ophelia. Despite some artificiality in voice during smooth passages, and a rather monotonous employment of her arms, she was an excellent and touching widow of Hector, and in the scene beginning "Si vous livrez le fils, livrez leur donc la mère" acted brilliantly. How beautifully the part is drawn, despite the ideas, with which we cannot sympathise, that the only glory is in deeds of arms, which, indeed, Racine handles very skilfully! Bernhardt is wonderful this season, and her Hermione had some great moments, though it is not difficult to see that at times there is a kind of "people" element which shocks the upholder of traditions. Still, not even the excellent acting of Madame Dufrene could reconcile me to the fact that it was not Bernhardt who gave the speeches in the third and fourth Acts assigned to the heroine. The Pyrrhus of M. Desjardins was excellent. I should like to add that the fact of the scenery being barely mediocre did not in the least diminish the effect produced by the play—perhaps because we went to see a drama and acting, and not merely for an entertainment.

Of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and Madame Hading I have not space to speak this week. The production is most interesting and the acting excellent. That Madame Hading was essentially a French Paula, whilst the character is almost curiously English, may have been some disadvantage, but the quality of her performance is really noteworthy, though in all her work she has less power of

concealing the artifices of her art than Bernhardt or Réjane. After speaking of "Andromaque" as a masterpiece, and without making a comparison, it seems only just to say that it appears to me the French must see, even in a translation, that Mr. Pinero also has written a masterpiece of which we may well be proud.

The word "masterpiece" causes me to wonder whether it is ever likely to be applied correctly to a play by Mr. H. H. Davies, the young writer who during his first season has had pieces from his pen simultaneously filling the bills at Wyndham's Theatre and the Haymarket. At present one sees in him and in "Cousin Kate" abundance of lively, unforced wit, a strong sense of stage effect, and a great gift for inventing neat little pieces of stage business. These will take a writer far, but so long as he is content to look at the world through the proscenium arch of the theatres he is unlikely to produce masterpieces, except possibly of quite an artificial order. Some of the treatment of the second Act of "Cousin Kate" belongs almost to the masterpiece department. If one could forget the circumstances which, rather than its nature, make the love-duet incredible, the charms of the scene between Desmond and Kate would be irresistible. Mr. Cyril Maude, deserting the old men, I hope for a long time to come, played the young man with a great deal of charming humour and a light, easy touch, and Miss Ellis Jeffreys gave what I think her best performance as Kate, which, of course, is saying that she acted deliciously.

Really, it is a great pity that, after this charming Act, the play should go back to the ordinary business of stage trickery, however deftly it may be handled. There seems to be a kind of demon at the shoulder of some playwrights, which, whenever they have written something fresh and charming, and are working according to their pleasure, begins whispering to them that they are neglecting the stage and its huge bag of tricks, and that people will not think their work clever or dramatic unless it is obviously ingenious. Why should Mr. Davies ask us to pretend to believe that Kate and Desmond would contemplate such a crime as that of permitting Heath to re-engage himself to Amy without telling her that he loves another woman? Simply, of course, because the plot demands this degradation of two agreeable people, and because the bell has to be kept ringing a little longer, and the by-laws—"laws" is too grand a word for this kind of piece—make it impossible to go straightforward and run the risk of a conclusion that would leave Amy without a sweetheart. It would not have been very difficult—certainly it was within the author's power by making a little sacrifice of humour—to turn the play into something far finer. The little note of pathos intended to be produced by the determination of Kate and Desmond to sacrifice themselves for Amy is too flagrantly insincere to impose on anybody; but the author might have gained his effect, and with some dignity, if he had taken the part of Amy seriously; as it is, one can see how carefully she has been handled to fit the scheme of the piece.

The other side of the medal, of course, is very hopeful in its revelation of positive qualities. After all, there may be some of the wisdom of serpents in the attitude of Mr. Davies. Perhaps he is as fully conscious of the insincerity of his work as are the critics, and is acting on the policy—sound, alas!—that an author can only win his way by a number of concessions, that he is unlikely to get a hearing except through the Stage Society unless he begins by writing the strictly conventional. It would be a very strict moralist who could blame an author for adopting this policy. The pity is that in many cases and most branches of art what is adopted as a policy becomes a habit, and when the victim is in a position to dictate he has nothing really of his own to say. Miss Beatrice Ferrar seemed exactly to suit the part of Amy, and her suggestion of prim, self-satisfied goodness and indication of a kind of lukewarm love were very clever. There is a touch of caricature in the part of Bartlett, so far as writing and also the acting of Mr. Rudge Harding are concerned, that gives it a slightly offensive air, which might be a little mitigated, but certainly the performance was very able. Miss Carlotta Addison has a little niche to herself on the stage, and she handles her elderly women's parts so admirably that one hardly asks whether her acting on a particular occasion is above or below her standard, but looks upon her as effective or not in exact proportion to the possibilities of the part. As Mrs. Spencer, there is comparatively little for her to do, and, of course, it is done perfectly. The boy part is not very skilfully handled by Mr. Davies, but was acted remarkably by Master Cyril Smith. Taken, then, as a whole, the play and the playing are exceedingly good, and, if the critic has some feeling of disappointment, it is unlikely to be shared by the general public, which will probably find "Cousin Kate" entirely to its taste.



"THE ELECTROPHONE GIRL; OR, ROUND THE THEATRES IN TEN MINUTES."



"LET ME SEE: WHAT SHALL I ASK FOR FIRST?  
OH, YES, THE ST. JAMES'S!"



"BOTHER! I CAN'T HEAR GEORGE!"



"AH! WHAT A SWEET VOICE HE HAS!"



"NEXT, TO DALY'S, JUST IN TIME TO HEAR  
HAYDEN."



"I THINK THERE'S SOMETHING VERY SOOTHING  
ABOUT MR. TREE."



"HOW DELIGHTFUL! SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM  
IS GIVING ADVICE."



"DEAR LITTLE TEDDY PAYNE! HE'S ENOUGH  
TO—"



"—MAKE A CAT LAUGH."



"MELBA!"

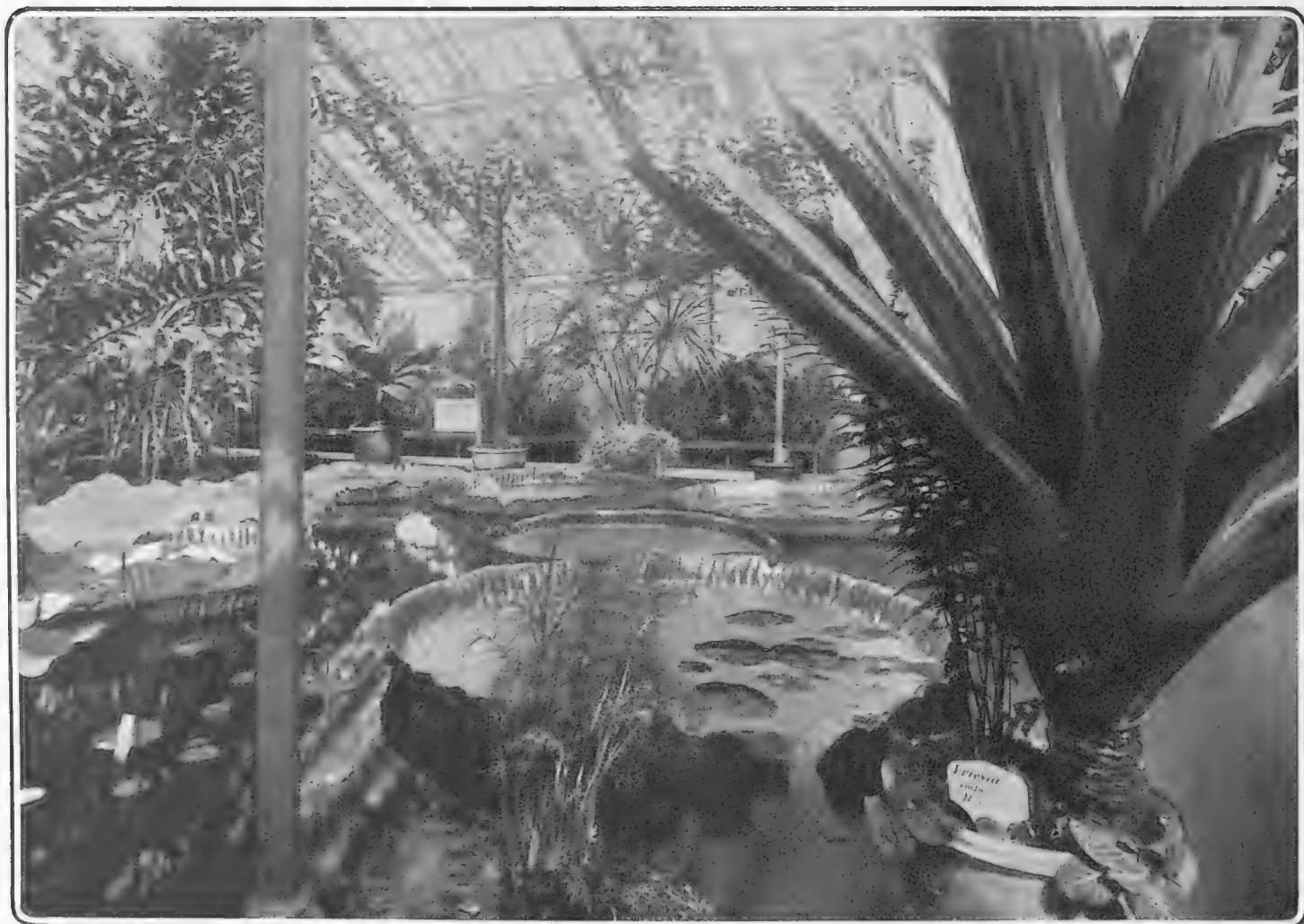


## FOR LANGUOROUS LONDONERS: I.—KEW GARDENS.

(See "Small Talk of the Week.")



WATER-LILIES IN BLOOM.



VICTORIA REGIA, THE GIANT LILY FROM SOUTH AMERICA.

*Photographs by H. N. King, London.*



FOR LANGUOROUS LONDONERS: I.—KEW GARDENS.



A TYPICAL VIEW OF THE GARDENS.

*Photograph by H. N. King, London.*

## THE VENERABLE ARCHDEACON SINCLAIR,

THE MOST TYPICAL "MUSCULAR CHRISTIAN" IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

FEW clergymen are so well known in London as the Venerable Archdeacon Sinclair. This fact is, in part at least, due to his striking appearance, as he stands considerably over six feet in height and is broad in proportion, while he carries himself in a way which made a City policeman remark, when he first came to live at St. Paul's, "He ought to be one of us."

His inches, like his leaning towards the Church, may be said to have come to him through heredity, for his father, William Sinclair, was the fifth son of the Right Hon. Sir John Sinclair, author of the "Statistical Account of Scotland," and was one of fifteen children, the shortest of whom was six feet in height, while the tallest reached the exceptional measurement of six feet seven inches. When George III., on one occasion, was at Holyrood, Sir John presented his six girls to the King as "thirty-six feet of daughters," with the approving satisfaction of "Farmer George." The pavement outside his house in Edinburgh was made of very large flagstones from the family property in Caithness, and was, as Mr. Gladstone told the Archdeacon, always spoken of as "The Giant's Causeway." One day, the tallest of the Archdeacon's aunts was going down George Street, when she was pursued by an Irish beggar-woman, who invoked blessings on her head in the hope of alms. Finding her blandishments in vain, the woman changed her tone and exclaimed, "At least, ye might give me your shoe to make a cradle for my baby!"

If the Archdeacon inherited great stature through the male line, comeliness of feature came also through the female, for Sir John married Miss Macdonald of the Isles, one of the most beautiful women of her day. Her picture was painted by Cosway, and when the Princess Charlotte came over to be married to the Regent, an enterprising firm of publishers took a reproduction of that portrait, put a coronet with the Prince of Wales's Feathers on the head, and issued it as a picture of the Princess. Another mistake of a similar nature occurred when Miss Tytler used the picture for a portrait of Caroline of Anspach, the wife of George II., in a book she wrote on Princesses of the House of Hanover; and, finally, the author of a recent biography of that Queen Caroline repeated the mistake.

The Archdeacon's father, after serving for ten years in the Madras Cavalry, took orders, and held a parish at Leeds for twenty years, and then one in Sussex for twenty-three, and he was Prebendary of Chichester Cathedral. This fondness for the Army manifests itself in the Archdeacon's partiality for the Volunteers, and he is Chaplain of the 21st Middlesex, a Finsbury Corps largely composed of artisans, which may, in the course of the next few weeks, be seen at service in St. Paul's, for the Archdeacon is one of those who have helped to develop the custom of so many Volunteer regiments holding their parades on Sunday in the Cathedral. After leaving Repton, the Archdeacon was elected to a scholarship at Balliol, where he was under Dr. Scott, of Dictionary fame, and Professor Jowett, and became, like his fellow-scholar, Mr. Asquith, President of the Union. His first London duty was with Canon Francis Holland at Quebec Chapel, where he stayed for eighteen months. He then became Resident Chaplain to the then Bishop of London, Dr. Jackson, for three years, living at Fulham Palace and London House, and getting a useful initiation into hard work and Diocesan business. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who has been a lifelong friend of the Archdeacon's family, as her father, Sir Francis, and his uncle, Sir George, had been close allies in Parliament, offered him the incumbency of her parish, St. Stephen's, Rochester Row, Westminster. Here he spent ten delightful years, during the whole of which time he was Examining Chaplain to Bishop Jackson and his successor, Dr. Temple, the late Archbishop of Canterbury. In 1889, Dr. Temple offered him the Archdeaconry of

London, with a Canonry of St. Paul's. The stipend of the combined offices was then the curious one of £666 a-year, the remaining £334 being paid to the Archdeacon of Middlesex. Later on, through the kindness of the Dean and Chapter, and by the use of Parliamentary influence, a private Bill was passed allowing the Chapter to raise the stipend to that of the other Canons, £1000 a-year.

Since he has been at St. Paul's, the Archdeacon has helped considerably in developing its national character by reviving the ancient custom of memorial services whenever members of the Royal Family have died, holding national services during the War, especially in connection with the departure and return of the troops, and referring to national events by tributes from the pulpit to great men when they pass away, and so on. The general result of his efforts and those of his colleagues has been a marked improvement in the size of the congregations. The number of services has constantly tended to increase during the last quarter of a century, for many extra ones are held throughout the year—for example, in connection with the anniversaries of great religious societies; the "S. P. G.," the Bible Society, the Sons of the Clergy, Queen Victoria's Clergy Fund, &c., while among the more remarkable services is one in Welsh on St. David's Eve. Every

Saturday afternoon, too, the Canon in residence takes a party of working-men, a school or Club, round the Cathedral, and tea is given to them in the public hall of the Chapter House, in which the Archdeacon lives.

As most people know, there are four Canons who take it in turn to be in residence for three separate months each year, and they, with the Dean, are responsible for the administration of the Cathedral from every point of view. As Canon, the Archdeacon has to attend all the regular Cathedral services during his residuary months—twice on week-days and three times on Sundays, and on Sunday he intones the Communion service in the morning, preaches in the afternoon, and reads the lessons in the evening; while

every Saturday afternoon, after prayers, he meets the Dean, to whom St. Paul's owes its great reforms, and the other Canons, for the business of the Cathedral, and attends other Chapters for the purpose whenever they are required.

Some idea of the additional work which falls to the lot of the Archdeacon as Archdeacon may be gauged from the fact that the Rural Deaneries under his jurisdiction, covering the whole of the East and North of London as well as the City itself, include some three hundred parishes, all of which have to be visited in turn. In addition, he holds four examinations of candidates for Holy Orders every year, presents the candidates at their Ordination, inducts new Vicars and Directors, conducts the election of Proctors for Convocation, holds Chapters of Rural Deans, visits churches and churchyards to see they are kept in proper order, approves the plans for new churches and inspects them, when built, before they are consecrated, communicates messages from the Bishop to the clergy, and attends all kinds of Diocesan meetings, &c. One of the great objects which the Archdeacon has always had before him in his public life has been to promote peace between the different parties, and to discourage, as far as possible, party spirit on both sides of the Church, while he has always sought by every means in his power to establish friendly relations between the Church and the Nonconformists in all good works.

Of an athletic tendency, the Archdeacon used at one time to ride a good deal, and cycle—he once cycled from London to Thurso, seven hundred and thirty miles—and he has tramped his forty miles a-day for pleasure for several days in succession, and even slept out on a moor in Scotland after such a walk. In Scotland, too, where he spends August and September, he gets a swim every morning in sea, loch, or river.



ARCHDEACON SINCLAIR IN HIS STUDY.

*Photographed exclusively for "The Sketch."*



"THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

XLVII.—THE VENERABLE ARCHDEACON SINCLAIR.



"SERVICE IS JUST OVER. I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A MOMENT."



"THIS IS ONE OF OUR FINEST STATUES—IN MEMORY OF ADMIRAL DUNCAN."



"LET US GO OVER TO THE CHAPTER HOUSE."



BY THE WAY.



"I HAD NO IDEA THAT YOU COULD TAKE INTERIORS WITHOUT MAKING A SMOKE."



"PERHAPS YOU WOULD LIKE TO TRY AGAIN."



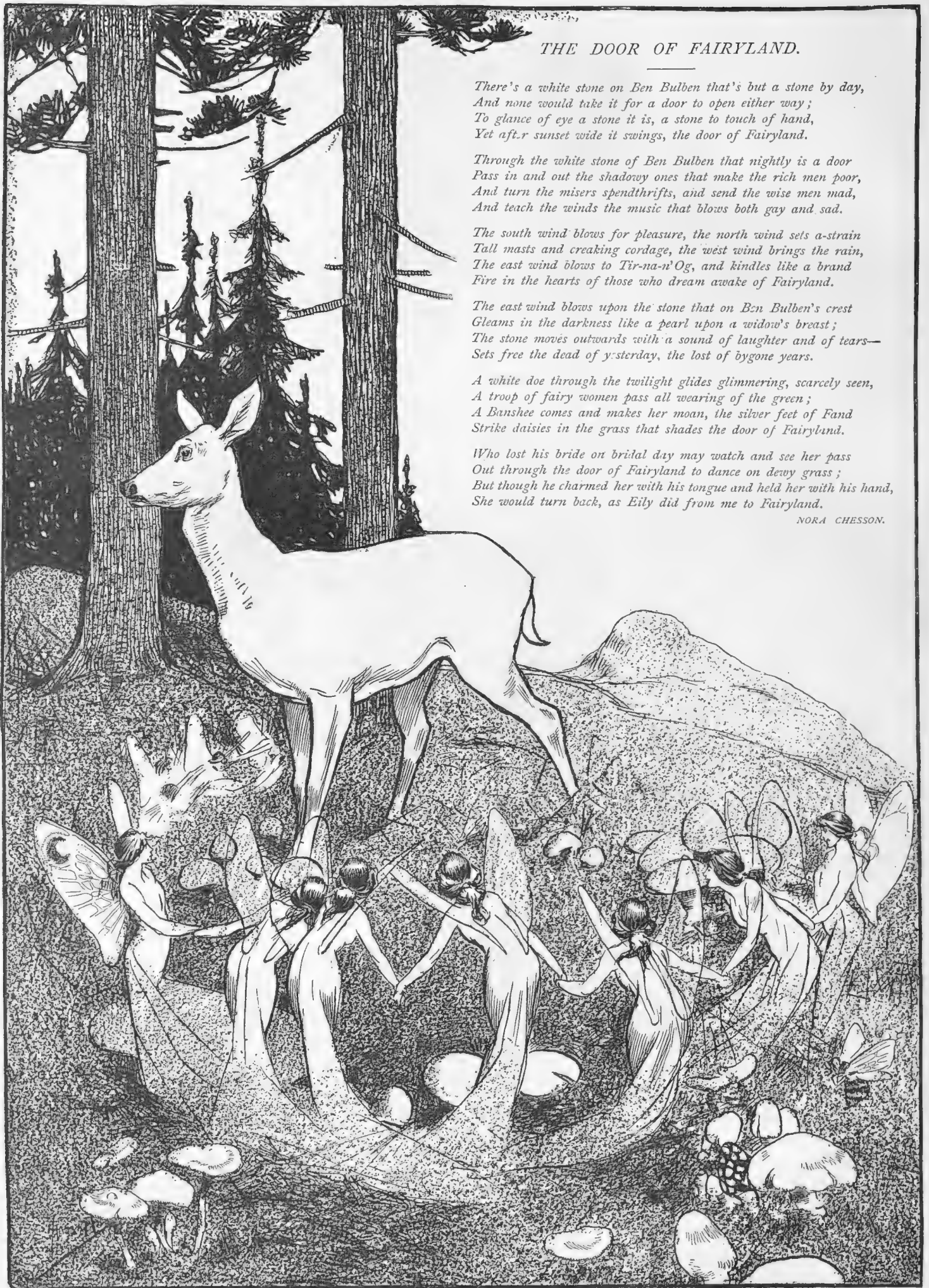
"A PORTRAIT OF MY FATHER AS A CHILD."



"WELL, WELL! HERE'S A PILE OF WORK!"



"I REALLY THINK I OUGHT TO GET ON WITH IT."



### THE DOOR OF FAIRYLAND.

*There's a white stone on Ben Bulben that's but a stone by day,  
And none would take it for a door to open either way;  
To glance of eye a stone it is, a stone to touch of hand,  
Yet after sunset wide it swings, the door of Fairyland.*

*Through the white stone of Ben Bulben that nightly is a door  
Pass in and out the shadowy ones that make the rich men poor,  
And turn the misers spendthrifts, and send the wise men mad,  
And teach the winds the music that blows both gay and sad.*

*The south wind blows for pleasure, the north wind sets a-strain  
Tall masts and creaking cordage, the west wind brings the rain,  
The east wind blows to Tir-na-n'Og, and kindles like a brand  
Fire in the hearts of those who dream awake of Fairyland.*

*The east wind blows upon the stone that on Ben Bulben's crest  
Gleams in the darkness like a pearl upon a widow's breast;  
The stone moves outwards with a sound of laughter and of tears—  
Sets free the dead of yesterday, the lost of bygone years.*

*A white doe through the twilight glides glimmering, scarcely seen,  
A troop of fairy women pass all wearing of the green;  
A Banshee comes and makes her moan, the silver feet of Fand  
Strike daisies in the grass that shades the door of Fairyland.*

*Who lost his bride on bridal day may watch and see her pass  
Out through the door of Fairyland to dance on dewy grass;  
But though he charmed her with his tongue and held her with his hand,  
She would turn back, as Eily did from me to Fairyland.*

NORA CHESSON.

"A white doe through the twilight glides glimmering, scarcely seen,  
A troop of fairy women pass all wearing of the green."

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.



FOUR SEASONS.

BY LEWIS BAUMER.



THE FOURTH SEASON: "GOOD GIRL!"

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

WHO invented the phrase "The Kailyard School"? The question is set at rest by Mr. J. H. Millar in his "Literary History of Scotland," just published by Mr. Fisher Unwin. The title "The Kailyard School" was given to an article by Mr. Millar in the *New Review* when that periodical was in the hands of Mr. Henley. Mr. Millar, accordingly, has been credited with its invention. He says, however, "It is betraying no secret to mention that for this happy nickname which has attained so much currency the world is indebted to Mr. W. E. Henley and to nobody else." Mr. Henley has always been a masterful editor, as Mr. Frederick Greenwood was in his time. They have done much to sharpen and polish the work of their contributors, and even of the cleverest among these contributors. This is, perhaps, the most important thing in Mr. Millar's book. It is quite readable, but the tone is provincial. The literary history of Scotland, if it is ever to be written properly, must come from a Scot delivered as far as may be from political and religious prejudice. Mr. Millar's prejudices on both sides are violent, and they generally determine the tone of his criticism. There are, however, some good things in his book, and, in particular, the estimate of Sir Walter Scott's secondary prose works is alike just and welcome.

Mr. Millar's treatment of Scott as a novelist is not to be compared with the excellent characterisation by Robert Louis Stevenson in his essay on Victor Hugo. But his extracts are well chosen. Interesting, too, is the estimate of Lockhart. "As a practitioner in 'the gentle art of making enemies,' Lockhart excelled. You instinctively felt that he was not a man to be trifled with, and that he was exceptionally well fitted to 'take care of himself.' His native gift of insolence has, in truth, seldom been surpassed, nor did he scruple to employ it freely, if he thought the occasion suitable." This is right and sufficient. There is no mystery about Lockhart. When Mr. Millar says that Lockhart's contributions to the *Quarterly* cannot be usefully reprinted because, in Lockhart's opinion, it is the business of a reviewer to review, and not to use the title of a book as a mere peg on which to hang an independent essay, he is certainly wrong. Some of Lockhart's very best articles are not written in this fashion. Why they have never been reprinted I am unable to understand.

From New York comes the welcome news of Mark Twain's birthday report of the celebration of the sixty-seventh anniversary thereof at the Metropolitan Club, New York, Nov. 28, 1902. Among

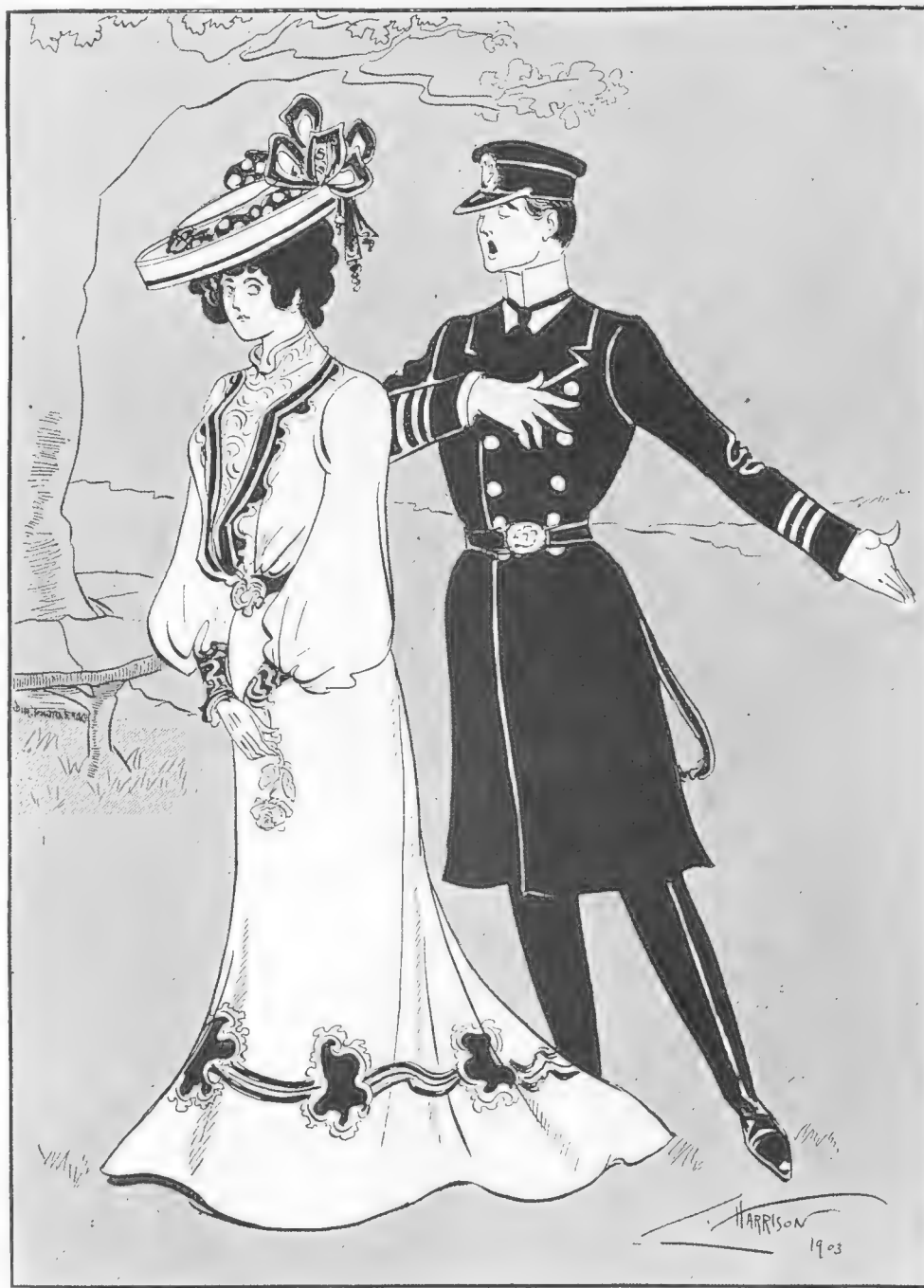
those present were most of the well-known American authors, including Mr. Howells, Mr. Cable, Mr. R. W. Gilder, Mr. James Lane Allen, and Mr. Hamlin Garland. Colonel Harvey, the head of the Harper business, presided, and made a series of bright and humorous speeches. Mr. Howells, Mr. Bangs, and Dr. Van Dyke contributed poems, and Chauncey Depew made a characteristic speech. He told how the King met Mark Twain at Homburg and expressed a wish for an introduction. Afterwards, His Majesty invited Mark Twain to dinner. It was expected that Mark would contribute the raciest stories of the evening, but he said nothing till the guests were about to

separate. "Then he started out on a story which was a phenomenal success and received more laughter and applause than any he had ever told. The reason was not so much the merit of the story or the skill of the raconteur, but because it was the same story which I had told the night before. This incident has given me a reputation in England from which I have never been able to escape—that my talents exist in repeating Mark Twain's stories."

Mark Twain, in reply, said that no modest person could talk on compliments. "A man gets up and is filled to the eyes with happy emotions, but his tongue is tied; he has nothing to say; he is in the condition of Dr. Rice's friend, who came home drunk and explained it to his wife, and his wife said to him, 'John, when you have drunk all the whisky you want, you ought to ask for sarsaparilla.' He said, 'Yes, but when I have drunk all the whisky I want I cannot say sarsaparilla.'" Mark Twain concluded with a touching tribute to his wife, and to his intimate friend, the Rev. J. H. Twichell, who was present. "I knew her for the first time just in the same year that I knew John Hay and Tom Reed and Mr. Twichell—thirty-six years ago—and she has been the best friend I have ever

had, and that is saying a good deal; she has reared me—she and Twichell together—and what I am I owe to them."

Mr. S. S. McClure, of *McClure's Magazine*, has been in London for a short visit, and is now on the Continent. Mr. McClure has the pleasant and hospitable habit of bringing his chief contributors over to Europe, and among his guests this year are included Mrs. Rice, the author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," and her husband. Mrs. Rice's new book, "Lovey Mary," is the most popular book in the United States at the present time, and in England her popularity is rapidly increasing. Some twelve thousand copies have been sold of "Mrs. Wiggs," and "Lovey Mary" is rapidly coming up with it.—O. O.



"POPPING THE QUESTION."—IX. THE MUSICAL-COMEDY STYLE.



## A TURN OF FORTUNE. ❖ By HAROLD WHITE.

I WAS aroused the other morning with much difficulty. I then noticed—curiously enough, without the smallest surprise—that a strange female had taken the place of my usual attendant. She had apparently pulled up the blinds, and was sitting on a cart-wheel over by the wardrobe, looking like the figure on the back of a penny. She wore a mocking smile and diaphanous garments.

"Hullo!" I said. "Who are you?"

"Literary persons call me 'the Jade,'" she answered, with a dignity which was rather discounted by the wobbling of the cart-wheel.

"Oh, I know!" I said. I had guessed it before in an acrostic.

"And a lot of other names they've no business to," she added, with some tartness. "Ah, well! To-day no one shall grumble. To-day, just for this once, everyone shall have his wish."

"My dear Fortune—," I began.

"Oh, don't mention it!" she broke in. "I'm not nearly such a disagreeable woman as people make out. To-day, I just want everybody to enjoy himself. Now you, for instance—"

I was busy wishing things, and I motioned her to stop.

"No, one thing is enough," she said, smiling, "especially as it happens to be the very nicest house in Park Lane."

I had been lying down with my head partly under the bed-clothes, but I drew myself up at that. It was very extraordinary: the room had certainly changed. The silk hangings, the satin-wood furniture, the gold toilet-set were decidedly not mine. I took a good look, then I sank back luxuriously on to the softest of down pillows.

"Aren't you going to get up?" said Fortune, rather impatiently.

"I am very happy where I am," I pleaded. "I never do want to get up much."

"Remember that this is absolutely the only occasion. You had better get up and avoid disappointment," said Fortune, persuasively.

"Oh, very well, then!" I said. "If you wouldn't mind just stepping into the passage—" But Fortune had vanished. I thought I heard her trundling down the stairs, but at that moment such a hubbub and noise arose outside that I could distinguish nothing except the words "Shaving water!" loudly repeated. I must say that I was annoyed at hearing this din all over my house, and so I dressed as quickly as possible, so that I might demand an explanation of the servants. However, when I got outside the room, no servants were to be found. There were plenty of people of various kinds walking about, but they all had such an air of ownership that I came to the conclusion that they must be my guests. I was almost certain when one mistook me for the butler and wanted to know "why the deuce" something or other. However, I bore myself with dignity, and went downstairs through the crowd to the dining-room in search of breakfast. I was most annoyed to find every seat round a very large dining-table filled, with those in possession drubbing on the table with their knives and forks, and bawling for breakfast.

"Really," I said, "this is too bad! In a man's own house—"

"You forget," said a soft voice behind me, "that rather a lot of people have wished for this house in Park Lane." I looked, and saw Fortune smiling by my side, and then I glanced at my co-owners. They were not at all the sort of people to live in houses in Park Lane. They might have known they weren't. I turned round to Fortune and was about to tell her so, but she wore a curious sort of smile that stopped me.

"I suppose there's going to be some breakfast, anyhow?" I said.

"I don't know," said Fortune. "You see, the cook's on the operatic stage, the butler is in the House of Lords, and the other servants are all occupying positions of rank and emolument. I believe, though, the page-boy wished to be the upper footman. Here he is. Perhaps he has changed his mind."

He had just rushed up from the regions below with a startled expression. He merely said, "Blimy!"—whatever that may mean—and disappeared. So I suppose he had.

"Well, don't waste your morning," said Fortune. "Why don't you go out and see things?"

I was rather sore about the house in Park Lane, but, as Fortune was still wearing that idiotic grin, I knew it would be a mistake to say anything, and so I took her advice and strolled out.

There was plenty of room on the pavement, but the roads were full of carriages-and-pairs and motor-cars, and I have never seen such a

collection of sable cloaks. I was also rather surprised to notice a considerable number of widow's weeds, which were worn with some confusion. The most disagreeable feature was the bother caused by a lot of beastly boys who had wished to be "Buffalo Bill" and firemen, and were making a nuisance of themselves all over the Green Park. I was quite glad to turn into Buckingham Palace with a lot of other people. At first, I could see nothing for the crowd. I asked a man who was by me, who, it appeared, had unfortunately wished to be Red Stick or Gold Knob or something, if I could see the King.

"See the King!" he said, fiercely. "Can you see anything *but* the King?" Then I saw over somebody's head a vista of gold thrones and a second row of rout-seats, because the thrones had run out and they were crowded up with Kings. They stretched on to the crack of doom. The Gold Knob said that he attributed it to a popular play at the St. James's Theatre. He thought that put the idea into their heads. At all events, there they were—short ones, tall ones, fat ones, thin ones—some laying down the law, and others laying about them, but the conception of the part most prevalent was to hold a champagne-bottle in one hand and a big cigar in the other. The King nearest to me was an exponent of this view, and, as his neighbour was for the forcible exclusion of all alcohol from the realm, there was a pretty lively "scrap" between them. For a time it was amusing enough to look on and watch, but there was such a lot of bawling from the Kings' benches and so much unintelligible American slang that, after a while, one was glad to free oneself from the crowd and get into the Mall.

As far as the eye could reach there was only one person working, and he was gingerly pecking a hole in the roadway. His manner was so curious that I addressed him, and found him to be a politician who had imprudently wished he were a "navy" the night before while addressing a meeting of working-men. He said he supposed he was doing it right. He generally had seen navvies occupied as he was. His chief anxiety, however, seemed to be as to whether they would let him into his Club for luncheon.

I passed on, and the idea struck me that I might look in at the Houses of Parliament, as there seemed to be a considerable stream of traffic in that direction. The House of Lords was rather too congested, and, avoiding the free-fight at its doors, I managed to squeeze myself into the Commons. Except for a small gathering of familiar politicians who apparently preferred to be in Opposition, all the people who had wished to be members were on one side of the House and all at the Treasury Bench thumping on tin boxes. So far as I could gather amid the din, the question before the House was to the effect that there should be one sitting a fortnight and that that should be a Ministers' day.

"And how about the business of the country?" I demanded, somewhat indignantly, of Fortune, who happened to be by my side; but she simply smiled her aggravating smile and said nothing.

I wandered on to the Law Courts. Much the same thing was taking place there. In each Court there were rows upon rows of King's Counsel, with an appalling array of briefs, all addressing the Bench. Fortunately, there were also nearly enough Judges to attend to each. As no one, apparently, had had any desire to be either a witness or a member of the Jury, they had overflowed into the various boxes, where they were differing from their learned brothers with great freedom and relish. The hall and corridors, on the other hand, were quite delightfully empty, and it was even possible to detect in them something resembling fresh air. No one had wished to be a litigant.

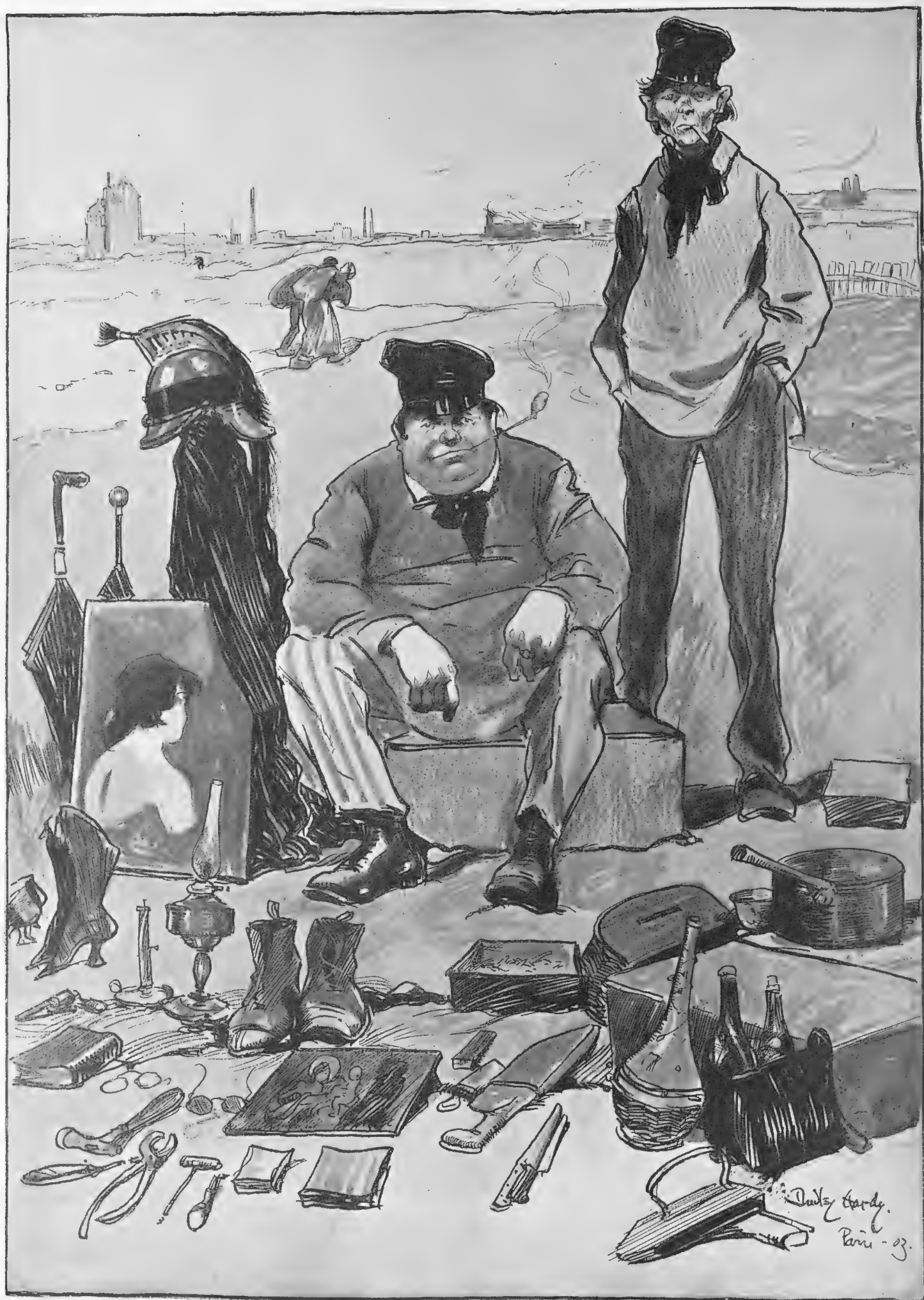
"Well," said Fortune, who stood suddenly beside me, "what else will you see? How about a theatre? At one, I believe, there is a representation of 'Hamlet' by thirty performers all in the title-rôle, and at another you may see forty-four leading ladies in one of Réjane's parts. There is also for this occasion only a house provided by the London County Council with—"

"No—no thanks!" I said, hastily. "To tell you the truth, you woke me somewhat suddenly; I almost wish I was in bed." As the words were spoken, I was—almost in bed. I supposed she must have misunderstood me and turned to address her, but, as I did so, her wheel came clattering down on to the floor with a metallic sound.

"Hullo!" I said, "what's that?"

"Your bath, sir," came the answer.

## THE HUMORIST IN PARIS—AND THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.



A MISCELLANEOUS MARKET.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.





AN INOPPORTUNE MOMENT.

He : Darling, I love you !

## LIFE IN OUR VILLAGE.

BY GUNNING KING.



VI.—“THE VILLAGE SMITHY.”



# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## THE KNOT IN THE PEARLS.

By L. PARRY TRUSCOTT.



SHE was young and remarkably pretty, with the prettiness that is quite unmistakable and generally acknowledged, that can even triumph over a frock that is not quite fresh or a style of hair-dressing that is not altogether suitable. But then, in her case, it was such charming hair, so bright and so curly, that he told himself fashionable dressing, which would have reduced her head to the level of a repetition of all the other heads in the room, would have been a mistake, a piece of vandalism. And as for the dress, that was, at any rate, simple (although of the kind that is not expensive or even particularly tasteful), and he managed to overlook it. Yet that was something of a feat—to his credit or not, as you looked at the matter—for he had the reputation of being one of the most fastidious men in London. Moreover, the child—she was only a child, as he admitted—had absolutely no conversation.

But then her eyes were dazzlingly blue and their gaze had a rapt and Heaven-searching quality that was unique even in his wide experience. If she could not, as it seemed, use with any fluency the tongue of men or of angels (just excepting her hesitating "Oh, yes," "Oh, no," and such non-committing trifles), if she was poor at small talk, she was greatly accomplished at *looking*. From the first the glance of her wide-open, innocent eyes, straying sometimes to his from the contemplation of Heaven, seemed to bewitch him, to allure, and, harder still, to hold him in attentive captivity at her side.

And she was eighteen and badly dressed, while he owned to thirty-five and was well known as an accomplished man of the most sensitive, most exquisite taste.

The woman wasn't born, his friends had been in the habit of saying, who could entirely reach up to his standard of perfection; amongst themselves they had often pictured her, the nearest thing possible, the woman he would surrender to, and she was cultured and witty, delicately sympathetic, daintily beautiful, and certainly beautifully dressed to the last little detail. And it must be admitted that he had always so pictured her himself.

But while he was a man of ideals, he was also a man of great, of recognised talents, and his world set him up as a shining light, a man to be quoted and followed and generally upheld, although that is not saying that they set him above laughter, or, at any rate, smiles. For it is pleasant to smile at an exceptionally talented or fortunate man; it is a recompense and even a relief to those less distinguished, and, without being malicious, there were many who smiled quite openly and unashamed as he lingered, every time they met, at the side of the girl with the Heaven-searching eyes.

"After all!" they said. "So, after all, the usual thing attracts him! Of course, she's sweetly pretty, and he'll choose her frocks!" They didn't feel any less pleasure in their idol because, at last, they had discovered his feet of clay; they were, indeed, enthusiastically inclined to applaud their newer and more homely view of him, and they let the girl with the Heaven-searching eyes absorb him, while they looked on in an attitude distinctly suggestive of hand-clapping.

"After all!" they would chorus, and someone would invariably add, "Well, he'll know how to spend the money!" Yet it was common knowledge that he was not overburdened with money, having been, apparently, too overburdened with brains to acquire it in any quantity.

And all the time he was with her he thought only of her eyes and his own power to waylay them from Heaven. But when he was not with her, many of his thoughts circled round the cheap row of pearls she invariably wore, and his mind, attuned to great subjects, took to itself a holiday and spent it in wondering why she tied a knot in them.

Was it of set design or did she really think they looked better knotted? There had come into his mind, the first time he saw her, an old saying, long forgotten, that a girl knots her pearls when she wants a love-letter. Now, did this girl of the innocent eyes in this manner deliberately advertise a want? And was it simply a love-letter she wanted, as one might covet a rare curio or, say, a first edition? (He said, a first edition.) Or was it not, perhaps, a letter

from a particular person she had set her heart on? Someone who might see the touching little indication of readiness to receive a tenderly worded epistle; someone who, it was hoped, would be ready, would be eager to comply. Although this last possibility undoubtedly put the girl in the better light, it is noteworthy that it was not the idea he honestly favoured.

He followed the little story further. For, if the knot was the result of anything more than merest accident, or other than a clumsy device for keeping the row tightly round her white throat, then, since, as far as he knew, the knot was never untied, also, as far as he knew, she did not get her letter. The blue eyes were sometimes pathetic; in time it grew to hurting him that she should even possibly want what he could so easily have supplied. The whole question, as childish as she was and as strangely engrossing, haunted and disturbed his leisure, and one night, having just left her, he sat down and wrote her the letter.

The bulk of the talents for which people praised him were in the habit of emerging from the point of his pen, and the letter was worthy of his reputation without being at all above her power of appreciation—even supposing she was in all things as young as she looked. It was simple, in fact, as her speech, and as beautiful, after its fashion, as her eyes; and, reading it over, he knew he had never done anything better. But he wasn't as mad as he might have looked—if anyone could have seen him—and he only posted it into his pocket. Having been written to her, it was sacredly hers, and to have it about him gave him a feeling of pleasure he acknowledged with a laugh, and for once did not try to account for in words.

After that, he wrote her a letter every time he saw her, and, but that something happened about the sixth time, it is a matter to wonder at how far he would have allowed his pockets to bulge.

What occurred was of the most commonplace description. In hunting for something else, he dropped one of the letters at her feet. She caught it up with a little cry, "Why, it's addressed to me!" If he had not stopped her, she would have opened it there and then.

But he couldn't prevent her keeping it, nor prevent himself seeing the laugh in her eyes—a stray gleam that seemed to cast a new light on the pathways to Heaven.

"If you like it," he said, "there are more"; and he took out the pack, turning it over.

"But, if they're mine, I would much rather have them at once!" she cried. "If they're mine, you've no right to keep them!"

To tempt her into pleading for them, into more laughter, into quite a torrent of teasing and excited speech, he held out as long as he could. In the end, she went off with her letters.

"I'm convinced it's some rubbish," she threw at him in parting; "and I do want to see just how silly you are!"

"Will you tell me how silly you think me?" he asked.

"If you're silly—enough," said she.

Of course, he expected an answer—expected it feverishly, filled with a boyish impatience and unrest he had never surpassed in his boyhood. When it came, it was like her, he told himself; and it was certainly put in few words, if that was really like her, and his doubts

on that subject were brand-new ones. "Will you come and see me?" she wrote, naming an hour. Of course, he went—praying the while that he should find her alone.

And she was alone; so far, he quickly saw the realisation of his wish. Yet, for the moment, as he advanced towards her up the long room, he hardly knew her—hardly recognised his unadorned beauty, the child of the dowdy frocks, in the perfectly dressed girl now waiting for him with laughter and blushes chasing each other on her bewildering face. For the first time in his life he found nothing to say, and so she was forced to begin. She seemed not unwilling.

"Your letters are charming," she said. She put up a hand to the imitation pearls, side by side with some that looked priceless, amongst the laces at her neck and twisted them round to show him they were unknotted.

"Your letters are charming," she repeated, with the least little

"What?"

"That I've more frocks and more money to buy new ones than I know what to do with, and—and——"

"Do you mean to tell me——?"

"Let me tell you. I mean, I had the childish idea—I see now how childish it was—to try and pass myself off in your Society as a *poor* American girl, for a change. And it was a failure; fright as I looked, it was a failure, with just one exception. You are the exception, and until now I have never felt quite, quite sure that even you could be excepted." Into her eyes crept their pathetic look.

"My dearest," he cried, "just for your sweet self I loved you! On my honour, I did not know, and I loved you because I could not help it."

This time she did not ward him off.

"No woman wants to be loved for any other reason," she said; "and I shan't mind the money and things any more."



[DRAWN BY RALPH CLEAVER.]

*She put up a hand to the imitation pearls . . . and twisted them round to show him they were unknotted.*

"THE KNOT IN THE PEARLS."

break in her voice. Then she brightened and smiled. "And what do you think of my frock?"

"I think it is—charming," he said.

She came nearer to him.

"Will you answer me something?" she asked.

"Yes—yes—anything!"

"Only this—which sort of frock do you like me in best?"

"This," he said, true to his creed. "This—I suppose. Oh, my darling, we are starting at the wrong end, but if you keep the letters we shan't be able to afford such frocks!"

"I wouldn't give up the letters for anything," she declared.

"I go with the letters," he said.

Again the laugh in her eyes. "And I'd rather give up the letters than you," she smiled.

"Then hang the frocks!" he cried, and would have caught her to him but she warded him off.

"Stop, do stop"—then she blushed—"for a—— Stop, won't you, please! Then don't you know, really? Don't you truly know?"

"And the knot in the pearls?" he asked, later.

"I knotted them at first because it seemed, somehow, in keeping with the stupid sort of girl I was to be. But when I noticed how you always stared at them, I kept them knotted to——"

"Well, why?"

"To keep you—staring!" she laughed.

"And did you never find out——?"

"Oh!" she interrupted, "I asked just everyone why a knot in a row of pearls should make a wise man—any man—stare so. I was always asking, until someone told me about the old saying of the love-letter, and then——"

"And then?"

"And then——" She still hesitated.

"By then——," he amended.

"Oh, I'd like to finish," she said, bravely. "By then, I was so anxious for your letters I couldn't untie it. You see," she almost whispered, "my heart was caught in the knot and it wouldn't untie until you helped me."

THE END.





## HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL and Mr. Harvey will, according to arrangements fixed at the moment of writing, start proceedings at the New Theatre to-night (Wednesday) with an adaptation by Miss Edith Wharton of Herr Hermann Sudermann's play, "Es Lebe das Leben." This adaptation, called "The Joy of Living," has often been presented by Mrs. Campbell in her recent American tour. As the play's story seems to be unfamiliar to the general paragraphist and to the English playgoer, I may as well give a few details. It may, then, be briefly stated that the story is one of a struggle between Love and Politics—that is to say that the husband concerned is, perhaps, too much absorbed in Politics, while his wife is certainly too much consumed with Love. Unfortunately, her love is, to a considerable extent, bestowed not so much upon her husband as upon a former lover, in whose politics, however, she is so deeply interested as to secretly work to secure his return to the local Reichstag. The wife's lover's electoral majority, however, is so narrow and the influence brought to bear upon his behalf becomes so obvious that the husband is urged by his political and other associates to "look at home," as it were. Threats of libel actions ensue, followed by arrangements for duels between the men most concerned. At a convenient moment, however, the lady who has caused all the trouble elects to— But perhaps I have said enough. To say more, at this moment, would certainly interfere with Mrs. Patrick Campbell's big final scene at the New Theatre to-night.

I hear that there is a possibility of London playgoers being vouchsafed ere long a glimpse of the new drama, "For Church or Stage," written by the Rev. Forbes Phillips, Vicar of Gorleston, and produced by him at the Yarmouth Aquarium a week or so ago. Of course, when this Ecclesiastico-histrionic "problem" play does come to the Metropolis, the fascinating Mrs. Brown-Potter will resume her impersonation of the actress who, as the "Wreck" says in "The Gay Lord Quex," is "very allurin'." So much so that she draws the rector-hero of the play far, far away from his duties, rectorial and marital, until the poor parson, after a terrible inward struggle, crushes his illicit passion and subsequently dies in a truly repentant mood. This alluring actress also afterwards becomes penitent, so much so that she builds a church in memory of the reverend gentleman whom her blandishments had lured from the paths of morality and piety.

I note that some critics, in speaking of the Gorleston Vicar's play, refer to him as our first "clerical dramatist," meaning, apparently, the first clergyman who has written for the stage. This, of course, is inaccurate. To name just a few at random, there were, among others, Dean Milman, who wrote sundry tragedies in early Macready days; the Rev. Dr. Dodd, who had a fondness for play-writing as well as for compiling the "Beauties of Shakspeare" (and was eventually hanged at Newgate); and the Rev. Edward Moore, who wrote that heavy but really heart-rending tragedy, "The Gamester," for David Garrick. Of course, there were many other parson-playwrights in those days, if one had time to look them up instead of relying upon memory, as I am doing at the moment of writing. I may add, however (speaking also

from memory), that among the more recent and still surviving "clerical" dramatists are Mr. J. W. Boulding, author of those powerful blank-verse dramas, "The King-Maker" and "The Double Rose" (both produced nearly twenty years ago at the Adelphi), and the Rev. Henry Cresswell, who was, a little later, concerned with one or two West-End dramas, notably, "In Danger," at the Vaudeville.

It is important to note that Miss Ellen Terry will finish her season at the Imperial next Saturday night. The play will be "Much Ado About Nothing." After a rest at her favourite little seaside cottage, Miss Terry will start on a provincial tour. I learn from this delightful actress that she has just cancelled her American engagements for this year, in order to extend the above-mentioned tour. The next important tenant of the Imperial will, of course, be Mr. Lewis Waller, who starts there in November with Mr. John Davidson's new poetical adaptation of Victor Hugo's romantic drama, "Ruy Blas."

The Elizabethan Stage Society enthusiasts who have been giving representations of the old Morality Play, "Everyman," and the much more recent "Twelfth Night," at the Court Theatre, will, I am officially informed, present Christopher Marlowe's play, "Edward the Second," at Oxford on August 10. These Elizabethans claim that this extremely Marlowesque tragedy has not been acted for two hundred years. But I fancy that they could be "set down" on this point. Whether or no, this performance must surely be of enthralling interest to all true lovers of our Old Drama.

Those who desire to see several seldom-acted Old English plays within easier reach of London City than either Shrewsbury or even Oxford, will, at the beginning of next month, have a chance of doing so at the Botanic Gardens in Regent's Park. These Old English plays will include Milton's "Comus"; Ben Jonson's masque, called "The Hue and

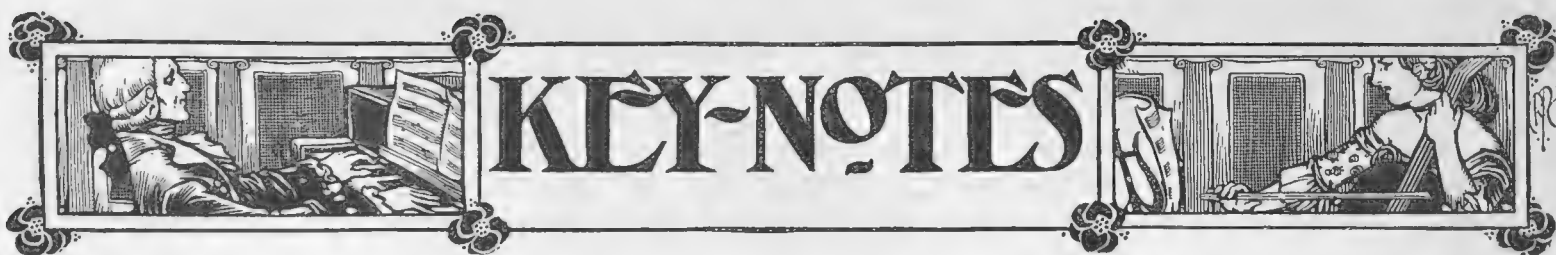
Cry After Cupid"; "The Faithful Shepherdess," by Fletcher (of the celebrated Beaumont-Fletcher collaboration); and "A Woman Killed by Kindness," by Thomas Heywood, who was a diligent dramatist, but not so diligent a worker as John of the same surname, who is credited with having reached the Lope de Vega record of some two hundred and fifty plays.

"Amorelle," the new comic opera recently produced by Mr. Willie Edouin at the Kennington Theatre, is peculiar in that, while the libretto is by two English writers, the score is by a French composer. To Mr. Barton White belongs the credit for the story, construction, and dialogue, while Mr. E. Boyd-Jones provided the lyrics, and M. Gaston Serpette the musical setting. "Amorelle" is that rare thing, a comic opera worthy of the name. The idea is fresh, it is really funny, and the songs and other lyrical pieces are mirthful and pretty. The opera had an enthusiastic reception. Mr. Willie Edouin was, as usual, most amusing; Miss Stella Gastelle, in the title rôle, repeated the success she made in "La Poupée"; and other leading parts were ably filled by Miss May Edouin, Mr. Eric Thorne, Mr. Fred Edwards, and Mr. Roland Cunningham. Miss Kitty Cavendish and Mr. Gerald Clifford did well in minor parts. The only drawback to the performance was the length of the piece, though this will doubtless be attended to.



MISS STELLA GASTELLE AS "AMORELLE" IN THE NEW COMIC OPERA OF THAT NAME RECENTLY PRODUCED BY MR. WILLIE EDOUIN AT THE KENNINGTON THEATRE.

*Photograph by Thiele and Co., Chancery Lane.*



THE reappearance of Madame Melba at Covent Garden last week as Mimi in "La Bohème" was the occasion of gathering together a very crowded and enthusiastic audience. Her voice was in its very best form, and her acting also was exceedingly good. This is quite her best operatic impersonation, and in the final Act she was pathetic almost to pain.

Madame Fritzi Scheff made a charming and piquant Musetta. The remainder of the cast included Signor Scotti, Signor Bonci, M. Journet, Signor Pini Corsi, M. Dufliche, and others who were all equally good in their respective parts. Signor Mancinelli conducted the opera with all his usual insight and ability and with somewhat more than his usual fire.

Last Thursday, the Philharmonic Society gave the Sixth Concert of the present season, under the direction of Dr. Frederic Cowen. The programme opened with a performance of Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel"; the work was indifferently given, the band rather

The Handel Festival opened on Saturday with the General Rehearsal. The "Hallelujah Chorus" and some airs and choruses from "Israel in Egypt," "Solomon," and "Acis and Galatea" were rendered with fine effect. Madame Albani, Madame Clara Butt, Miss Ella Russell, Mr. Kennerley Rumford, Mr. Andrew Black, and Mr. Watkin Mills were among the soloists, and Miss Marguerite Macintyre sang most effectively in "Acis and Galatea." Dr. August Manns is the Musical Director on this occasion, his place as Conductor being taken by Dr. Frederic Cowen. Mr. Walter W. Hedgcock presided at the organ with the ability which one expects from him. Yesterday (Tuesday) "The Messiah" was to be given; to-morrow a selection from Handel's sacred and secular works; and the Festival closes on Saturday with a performance of "Israel in Egypt."

Madame Melba scored another triumph on Saturday evening at Covent Garden both in her singing and acting in the part of Gilda in Verdi's "Rigoletto." The wonderful purity of her voice, that never swerves from the right pitch, was, if possible, finer than we have ever experienced it to have been before; she is satisfied to try no new grounds—it is enough for her to repeat old triumphs, and therefore one cannot do more than praise such an amazing artist on account of her exquisite vocalisation. Signor Scotti repeated his excellent performance of Rigoletto, and Signor Bonci, in the part of the Duke, was all that could be desired.

At the Steinway Hall, a few days ago, Mr. C. Hayden Coffin gave his twenty-third concert, and sang many songs by modern composers which exactly suit this artist's style. Mr. Maurice Farkoa also assisted in the course of the afternoon, and sang several songs with much tenderness and humour, while Miss Lottie Venne and Mr. Huntley Wright both delighted their audience in two humorous recitations. On the whole, the concert was exceedingly successful.

On Wednesday evening, Miss Nellie Ridding and Miss Irene Fletcher gave a violin and piano-forte recital, at which they were assisted by Madame Conly and Signor Guétary. Miss Fletcher played some Schumann compositions very well. In Beethoven's Sonata in C, both Miss Ridding and Miss Fletcher played quite well, though the Finale might have been better interpreted. M. Guétary sang "Tre giorni son che Nina," by Pergolesi, with much feeling and with fine vocal resonance.

Mr. Richard Platt gave the first of two pianoforte recitals at St. James's Hall last Wednesday afternoon, an entertainment which, we regret to say, was a somewhat dull affair. He played Mendelssohn's "Variations Sérieuses" fairly well, though the work required much more delicacy and feeling than Mr. Platt chose to associate with it. He also played his own Sonata in F Minor, a work which singularly lacks variety, the Finale, indeed, being exceedingly dull. He also played some Chopin.—COMMON CHORD.



THE HANDEL FESTIVAL AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE:  
MR. WALTER HEDGCOCK, ORGANIST.

toning down the effects of the music than allowing them to be brought out with their full ripeness. An interesting feature of the evening was the performance of M. Glazounow's Symphony (No. 7), which was conducted by himself. It is a work of considerable charm, the Scherzo being, perhaps, the most interesting movement; it is both bright and light. In the last movement there are some dull moments, though in the intervals of that dullness it is quite interesting. Miss Norelli was the vocalist of the evening and sang "Caro Nome" very charmingly, although the orchestra, one is bound to add, did not give her much material assistance.

On Saturday afternoon, at Queen's Hall, Herr Kubelik gave a violin recital which drew together a very large and enthusiastic audience. Kubelik is an artist of an almost perfect genius; his wonderful temperament and his wonderful technique separate him entirely from the ordinary considerations of criticism. There is a very beautiful "innocence" about his playing which makes it quite a thing apart, and he manages to convey this by most subtle means to his listeners. He played a composition of Corelli most exquisitely; he snatched it, as it were, out of the past, and presented it to us as a new thing. It was a pity that he gave as one of his encores Wilhelmj's version of the "Preislied" from "Die Meistersinger," for such versions can never be works of art. Miss Katharine Goodson was the pianist of the afternoon and played remarkably well and with great and exceptional brilliance. Mdlle. Gabrielle Christman and Mdlle. Emilie Christman also assisted at the concert. They gave weird and wondrous demonstrations in the art of vocalisation, a form of singing which does not usually appeal to modern audiences.

The Band of Rome made its London début a few days ago at Queen's Hall, and though its members reminded one of the streets of Rome, their hats waving elegantly with strange feathers, the effect naturally seems somewhat *outré* at Queen's Hall. The first concert opened with Saint-Saëns' Coronation March, which, though it is a fine composition, was played on this occasion far too boisterously. Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony was also played; but to hear that composition played with no strings save four double-basses was a strange matter which might make any musician, like Quintilian, when a little rhetoric had gone wrong, "stare and gasp." The Band, however, certainly plays well; so far as its resources go, and with a finish and a strength that assuredly claim attention.



THE HANDEL FESTIVAL AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE:  
MISS MARGUERITE MACINTYRE, SOLO SOPRANO.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.





*Lady Motorists—Wind-cuffs—The Charms of Driving—Wiring.*

MUCH as the fair sex enjoy motoring—and they really seem to get more fun out of it than their men-folk—to motor on anything but a sluggard through such weird weather as that to which the inhabitants of these isles have been entertained of late is very trying to the complexion. Veils, celluloid masks, hoods, and the like, all very well in their way, are not wholly satisfactory, for the searching zephyrs, the drifting rain, or the driving dust find their way, sometimes singly, sometimes conjointly, through all such defences. A lady, who not only “motes” daily but drives her own car, tells me that she has found Mrs. Pomeroy’s “Skin Food” most effective in preserving the skin from the roughening and reddening effect produced by the impingement of the air, sometimes damp and sometimes dry, upon the delicate cuticle. I would suggest that those of my lady readers who have felt inclined to forego motoring because of these effects should give Mrs. Pomeroy’s preparation a trial.

No motoring outer-garment, whether overcoat, mackintosh, or dust-wrap, should be made without wind-cuffs. Even on the most sultry day, the rush of air up loose sleeves has a very chilling effect, while in cold weather it will altogether destroy the comfort and enjoyment of a run. Care should be taken that the elastic bands which are made into the cuffs to cause them to embrace the wrists closely are not too tight, else it will be found that they arrest the circulation of the blood in the arms and hands and produce most uncomfortable sensations. The wind-cuffs which are sold separately are but clumsy, unsightly make-shifts for the cuffs neatly made into the garment.

The number of car-owners who are content to pay big prices for their cars and to allow themselves to be driven by their paid *mécaniciens* seems rather on the increase. This is the more remarkable as the conning and conduct of a good and fairly speedy car, once acquired, will be found to be one of the most fascinating pursuits

of the present day. A profound knowledge of the internal mechanism of the machine is not actually necessary to good driving, so long as the effects produced by the manipulation of the various pedals and levers are thoroughly understood. The charm of de-clutching and clutching sweetly changing gear noiselessly, the skilful control of the accelerator-lever, fitting the speed of the engine exactly to the duty required of it, the judgment necessary in changing gear at the proper moment on up-grades so that no one in the vehicle is conscious of the change of ratio, grow upon one until driving becomes a passion and affords so much pleasure and satisfaction that every car-owner should enjoy it. To be driven in one’s own car by one’s mechanic is like eating cold mutton or kissing a maiden aunt. Moreover, a car always gets more consideration at the hands of its owner than at those of a paid servant.

Any well-trained electrician who examines the electrical ignition system of a motor-car in which the engine is fired by the jump-spark system will tell you that, in most cases, the wiring is beneath contempt. And the electrician has reason on his side. When it is remembered that ignition failures are responsible for nine out of ten of the stoppages on the road, it is quite remarkable that manufacturers, or some of them, should give so little attention to this most important particular. One electrician will tell you that in the average wiring found on many cars trouble seems to be invited by the opportunities afforded the current given off by the accumulators and induced by the action of the coil to short-circuit. Instead of the best and most perfectly insulated conducting cable being used, the cheapest and scantiest is found doing duty in quite expensive cars. The electrician, too, is scandalised that the primary current is earthed to the frame of the machine and the circuit not completed to the accumulators by return wiring. I strongly advise owners of cars in which the wiring is not of the best to have the same rehabilitated without delay. It is not an expensive matter and will assuredly avoid many vexatious delays.



Mr. Owen.

Mr. Winton.

Mr. Anderson.

[Photograph by Lawrence, Dublin.]

THE GORDON BENNETT RACE: UNPACKING THE AMERICAN CARS AT NORTHWALL, DUBLIN.

# THE WORLD OF SPORT

*Royalty and Racing—Outsiders—Fixtures—Race-cards—"Tic-Tac."*

HIS MAJESTY THE KING is a fine sportsman, and he likes his horses to win when they run. Indeed, all the members of the Royal Family do not hesitate to show their delight at seeing the Royal colours borne to the front. When Mead won at Ascot, Her Majesty the Queen looked highly pleased, and Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales was smiling sweetly. Prince Christian and the Duke of Cambridge, both first-rate judges of racing, always look pleased when His Majesty the King has won, and even His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales watches the King's horses through his glasses when they run. The Royal servants, too, are, I am told, very anxious when the Royal colours are being carried, and they must be patriotic, as I am told they all wanted Mead to win the Derby, and they fancied him, too. Lord Marcus Beresford, who has the management of the King's horses, is supposed to be one of the finest judges of races under both sets of rules that we have. R. Marsh is a capable trainer, but he has several moderate horses in his stables, and a few good ones. Let us hope he shelters another Persimmon at Egerton House, or a Diamond Jubilee would do to go on with.

Backers did fairly well at Ascot, but the results of the Royal Hunt Cup and the Ascot Stakes were big surprises. Very few persons were prepared to see Genius win the Ascot Stakes, yet the horse has been consistent and he is very likely to be heard of again in long-distance races. Mr. Goodchild got second with his gift-horse, Scullion. Writing of gift-horses reminds me that Bass Rock won two races at the meeting. He is a grey, and was bought by Lord Rothschild and given by him to Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, just to bring luck to Watson and Hayhoe's stables. Verily the charm has worked to perfection, as Mr. Leopold de Rothschild has had a really good year, and, to cap all, his useful horse, Kunstler, won the Royal Hunt Cup after a fine finish with Imperious. The start for this race was an exceedingly bad one, and several candidates, including the well-backed Roc O'Neill, were practically left at the post. I have contended for years and still maintain that, for all big races, one of the Stewards should be at the starting-post, just to let the jockeys engaged know that the eye of authority is on them.

It is hoped that the Earl of Durham, who is a good patron of the North Country meetings, may win the Northumberland Plate with Mardonius, who has been specially prepared for the race. The Eclipse Stakes at Sandown Park will be interesting if Rock Sand and Sceptre both go to the post; but it is rumoured that the first-named,

who has several previous engagements, will make way for his stable-companion, Flotsam, at Sandown. Rock Sand could win the Jockey Club Foal Stakes and the Jockey Club Stakes at Newmarket if started. Then he has his St. Leger engagement to fulfil. In the latter race Mead is certain to run a good horse if in the humour. Staying is his forte, and he is coming on by leaps and bounds. True, Rock Sand is a real champion; but he could not be made any better, while the King's colt is capable of being vastly improved. I think the big race on the

Doncaster Town Moor will this year be highly charged with interest, and the Yorkshire roar would be louder than usual, if possible, were the Royal colours to be carried first past the post. H. Jones, by-the-bye, is riding very well just now. He is a thoroughly reliable jockey, with cool head, keen eye, and strong hands.

I have agitated for years for the improvement of race-cards, and on two or three occasions I have shown in *The Sketch* how race-cards are compiled in South Africa and Australia. I was glad to see that the compilers of the Ascot card printed the pedigrees of the horses engaged, which is a step in the right direction; but they might have gone one better, as was done at the last Lingfield meeting, and printed, in addition, the names of the trainers. Further, information as to cloak-room fees, railway-fares, refreshment-charges, the times

of return trains, &c., should be given. In addition, following out the horses-for-courses theory, all horses entered that had previously been placed over the course should be noted, while horses engaged that run well on a right-hand course or a left-hand course should be given in detail.

The "tic-tac" men are very useful to the bookmakers at a big meeting like Ascot. These men are as quick as lightning in signalling from one ring to another and across the course any alteration in the betting-prices. It seems each firm has a different code, and it is impossible for outsiders to appropriate their information. One or two big professional

backers use the "tic-tac" men to tell them how horses get off at the start of races like the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot and the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood. By this means they are able to back horses in running, and to hedge bad bets made on animals that get left at the post. It has been said that some of the jockeys' orders are known through the "tic-tac" men, and it is a remarkable fact that the signallers at the Epsom meeting stand directly opposite to the Royal Box and despatch their sign-messages between the Paddock and Tattersall's Ring. The bookmakers' runners, too, are useful to the well-being of the book. These men work hard for their employers.—CAPTAIN COE.



THE ASCOT MEETING: MR. LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD'S KUNSTLER, WINNER OF THE ROYAL HUNT CUP.



THE KING AND QUEEN AT ASCOT.

The Queen.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

A HORRID indecision as to one's immediate future happiness was the prevailing tone of thought I found amongst all and sundry of one's feminine friends this Ascot. The to be or not to be of weather became a burning, not to say a white-hot question, and Hamlet's soliloquy seemed a trifle to the agonised self-questionings of those who had four new frocks, one for each day's racing, and were in four different minds as to the remote probability of wearing them. Certainly all the atmospheric fiends that make this unhappy island their especial playground have been holding a series of especial Witches' Sabbaths lately, so that we poor women have almost come to the end of our wits and hopes of ever seeing sunshine any more.

To speak of the ruined chiffons of Wednesday's deluge would be to unfold a tragic tale indeed. Cup Day behaved better, but it was a cheerless state of atmosphere, and one's only remaining opportunity of exhibiting to an admiring world the finery that remains intact lies in this week's Sandown Meeting, which is always the best-dressed occasion of the calendar. One dress that escaped the massacre of the innocents at Ascot was of mauve chiffon made on mauve taffetas and painted with an irregular design of moss-roses, the burnt-straw hat daintily set forth with most realistic moss-rose buds and trails of wisteria, while the parasol of gathered mauve silk-muslin was lined with delicate rose-pink of the same material. Extravagance out-Heroded itself in the petticoat, which was well observed, as its wearer, with negligence aforethought, occasionally lifted her orchid-coloured skirts, for it was of real Brussels lace, many-flounced—think of that, ye economically minded matrons of Suburbia—and the cost thereof was mighty exceedingly.

Another exemplification of the mighty dollar was done in palest daffodil-yellow silk-muslin made on an under-dress of white over white taffetas. A key-note of skilful colour was noticeable in the wallflower velvet waist-band and hat of amber Leghorn covered with velvet wallflowers, the parasol being of pure-white chiffon gathered inside and out. Certainly "Englishman," as a distinguished foreigner affably

vouchsafed to me, after a critical look around, "are beginning to realise the omnipotence of clothes."

Apropos, I hear from amongst the friends of Queen Natalie at Biarritz—and they are many and fervent—that poor Draga had a passion for frocks; the half-barbarous Servians who came to Court in her time



A CHARMING GOWN IN BLACK AND WHITE SEEN AT ASCOT.



[Copyright.]

A WHITE FROCK FOR THE RIVER.

were alternately filled with reverence and rage as her inimitable costumes, fresh from the Rue de la Paix, were presented to their unaccustomed vision. Even as Queen Natalie's Dame-in-Waiting, her excursions into the realms of dress were extravagantly various; but, as Queen in her own right, Draga was a very Elizabeth of England in her wardrobe, only more so. King Alexander's "pomme mûre," as the Parisians called her, possessed the art of dress to its final letter, and, though no longer young nor ever beautiful, remained one of the fascinating women of her time, as her tragic end must make her the most forgotten.

Just now, Ireland is very vocal and very much in evidence before the nations. Not that the most dear, distressful country is ever quite inaudible amongst the chorus, only at the moment, perhaps, her history forges links in the chain more busily than ever. Now also the decorative values of Hibernia's emblem, the shamrock, have come to be so realised that in dress, jewellery, embroidery, metal-work, and ornamentation of all kinds the "chosen leaf" is almost invariably present, whether in an artistic pendant or on the lace flounces of a débutante. Talking of pendants, could anything be more gracefully to the purpose than the daintily illustrated jewel of the Parisian Diamond Company's which appears in our issue this week? The square-cut emerald and pendent pearl are flanked by diamond shamrocks suspended from the thin platinum chain of favourite usage. Certainly the Parisian Diamond Company deserve well of their generation. They have domesticated the pearl in our midst. They have entirely vanquished old prejudice against jewels other than real,



and they have raised the art of the designer to its antique position of eminence among all handicrafts. Their productions are in the highest sense artistic, and therefore own a value quite apart from the materials of which they are composed—as the most cursory visit to any one of their four dépôts in London will fully demonstrate.

That custom has not staled nor Suburbia stifled the *chic* and ever-useful coffee-coat is due less to the constancy of inconstant woman than its own most innate merits. New versions of this charming and dainty addition to our garments are now regularly introduced, however, and it seems as likely to remain permanently in our midst as the blouse itself of our steadfast affections. At Peter Robinson's, this week, I reviewed a truly tempting display of novel coffee-coats, theatre-blouses, fichus, stoles, pelerines, and other "delightful intricacies," as the Frenchman called them, appertaining to lovely woman. Little stocks of chiffon and lace, or the more solid lawn and guipure, for morning wear, were inexpressibly dainty and simply called forth one's purse willy-nilly. Amongst other prettinesses of the toilet, Peter Robinson's also excel in making the now inevitable flower wreathlet for the evening coiffure; they employ particularly clever workers in flowers, and one can buy there novel effects which cannot be obtained better in Paris itself. On every visit one realises more and more that Peter Robinson's is one of the most comprehensive and up-to-date places in London Town or out of it.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JUSTINE (Chertsey).—There are, of course, dozens of preparations for preserving furs in summer, each vaunted as the best by its respective maker, but for really valuable furs and their certain safe keeping commend me to the evil-smelling but effective carbon or naphthaline. No insect or grub's life is worth a second's purchase in its overpowering vicinity.

F. F. (Wallingford).—As an all-round preventative of any evils to which the complexion is heir, you will find Rowland's Kalydor the most effectual. Either in hot sun or whirling dust or scarifying east wind, its soothing, softening, and healing powers are equally beneficial. To the yachting or motoring woman its use is a necessity, and by frequent applications even obstinate blemishes of the skin are removed. All chemists keep it, but when abroad a line to "Rowland's, Hatton Garden," will ensure its immediate arrival.

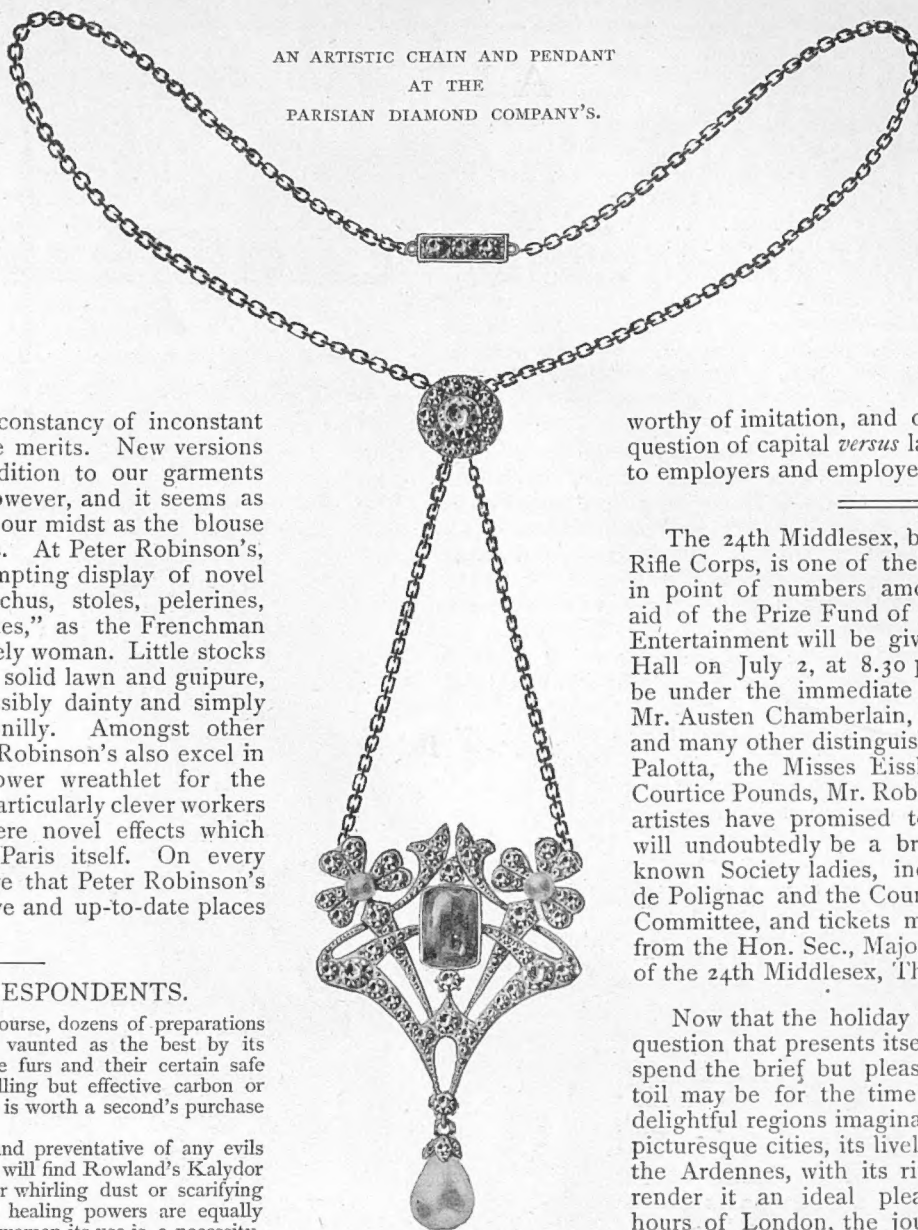
RUPERTA.—For the boudoir try satin-wood and sea-green. They go proverbially well together. I do not care for blue with that particular wood. It is apt to look sickly. Try the green, and scatter a few Rose-du-Barri cushions about to give it colour.

ELLICE (Antrim).—The neatest and most effectual mode of supporting those indispensables is by using the "Hookon Hose Support," which are specialities of Kleinert's and are obtainable of any draper. If your local tradesman does not run to this useful invention, write to any of the good London shops, like Peter Robinson's.

SYBIL.

#### PORT SUNLIGHT AUDITORIUM.

In spite of Shakspeare's famous query, there is a good deal in a name, after all. At any rate, it is a curious and interesting fact that the first open-air theatre to be erected in the United Kingdom should be the Auditorium inaugurated by the Mayor of Bolton at Port Sunlight on June 13. The building is constructed of Ruabon red bricks, in the classic style, with proscenium, cornices, columns, arches, niches, and other dressings of salmon-coloured terracotta, richly moulded and modelled. It will seat some three thousand people, who will be sheltered from weather and sun by a steel-framed roof carried upon iron columns, over which will be stretched strong water-proof canvas, the sides being closed in with the same material. At the inauguration a varied and excellent performance was given,



AN ARTISTIC CHAIN AND PENDANT  
AT THE  
PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

notably by the Port Sunlight Silver Prize Band, the Philharmonic and Dramatic Societies, the Gymnastic Club, the children of the Infant School, and the young lady who holds the Lever Scholarship for Singing. Port Sunlight, with its ideal cottages and gardens for the work-people, its schools and other institutions, and its open-air theatre, is the pioneer in a movement eminently

worthy of imitation, and one that promises to solve the question of capital *versus* labour in a manner satisfactory to employers and employed.

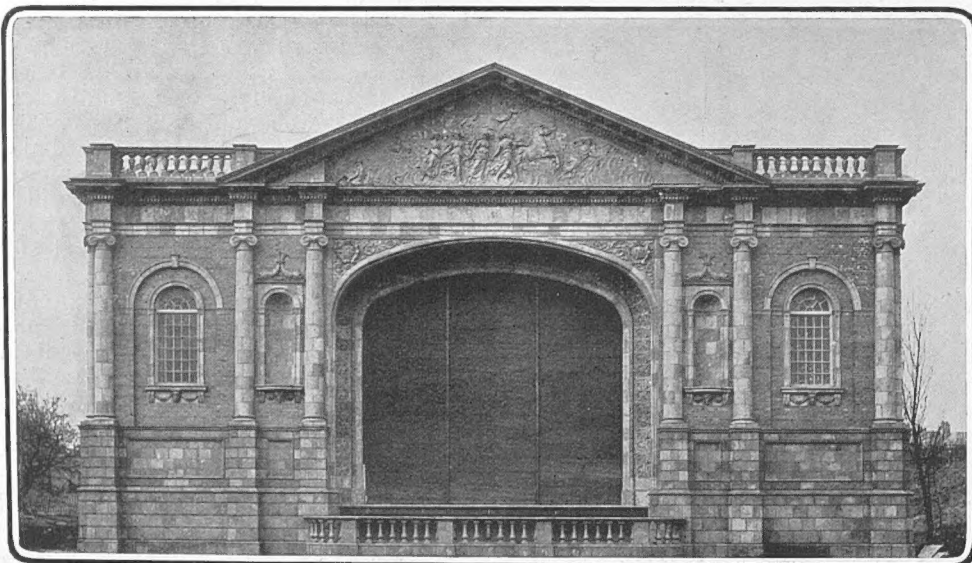
The 24th Middlesex, better known as the Post Office Rifle Corps, is one of the most efficient and strongest in point of numbers among Volunteer regiments. In aid of the Prize Fund of the regiment a Grand Variety Entertainment will be given in the St. James's (Large) Hall on July 2, at 8.30 p.m. The entertainment will be under the immediate patronage of Earl Roberts, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the Lord Mayor of London, and many other distinguished people, and as Miss Grace Palotta, the Misses Eissler, M. Johannes Wolff, Mr. Courtice Pounds, Mr. Robb Harwood, and other eminent artistes have promised to perform, the entertainment will undoubtedly be a bright one. A number of well-known Society ladies, including the Princess Camille de Polignac and the Countess of Iddesleigh, are on the Committee, and tickets may be obtained from these or from the Hon. Sec., Major Graham Grant, Headquarters of the 24th Middlesex, Throgmorton Avenue, E.C.

Now that the holiday season is so close at hand, the question that presents itself to many minds is where to spend the brief but pleasant days or weeks when daily toil may be for the time forgotten. One of the most delightful regions imaginable is Belgium. Its ancient, picturesque cities, its lively Capital, the lovely district of the Ardennes, with its river-valleys, rocks, and forests, render it an ideal pleasure-ground. Within a few hours of London, the journey is inexpensive, easy, and pleasant, and numberless tours may be made further afield if desired. The Great Eastern Railway publish numerous Time-books and Guides, and among these a beautifully printed and illustrated little booklet entitled "Holidays in Belgium and the Ardennes."

M. Ysaye gave the first concert of his present series at the St. James's Hall on Tuesday afternoon, the programme including Beethoven's Concerto, Mendelssohn's Concerto, and Bach's Concerto in E Major for violin and orchestra.

Owing to a mistake on the part of the photographer, the portraits of Miss Alice Coleman and Miss Evelyn Bond, "two pretty School-girls" at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, were wrongly described in our last issue, Miss Alice Coleman appearing as Miss Evelyn Bond, and Miss Bond as Miss Coleman.

Messrs. Elkington and Co., of Birmingham, have issued a large and comprehensive catalogue of their goods, illustrating a great variety of plated articles, presentation cups, vases, statues, &c., as well as challenge shields and other work for which they have long since had a reputation. The catalogue reminds us that the late Mr. G. R. Elkington, the founder of the firm, was the original inventor and patentee of the process of electro-plating, which some of his successors and namesakes have improved and developed since the system was first introduced in 1838. Catalogues may be obtained from Messrs. Elkington's Regent Street house and their other branches.



THE AUDITORIUM, PORT SUNLIGHT: OPENED BY THE MAYOR OF BOLTON ON JUNE 13.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on July 8.*

## THE OUTLOOK.

ALTHOUGH, with the further reduction of the Bank Rate, the Joint-Stock Banks have put down their allowance on deposits to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., which may reasonably be expected to bring money out for investment in high-class securities, the effect has not, so far, been apparent; indeed, everybody is so gloomy on account



CENTRAL ARGENTINE RAILWAY: GENERAL VIEW OF ROSARIO STATION.

of the wretched November weather which we are getting for mid-summer, that it would be more than surprising if the Stock Markets had been cheerful.

In Americans all the talk has been about the deep water into which Mr. Schwabe, of Steel Trust fame, has managed to get, and the very near escape the Yankee Market has had of a very bad smash. It is needless to say that the amounts involved have been exaggerated, but there seems little room for doubt that the real figures run into over five million sterling, and that Messrs. Rothschild, Baring, and Morgan have had to come to the rescue. One of the shrewdest operators in the Yankee Market, with whom we have had an interesting talk, is firmly convinced that the danger is over, and that good stuff like Baltimore and Ohio ought to be bought.

As to United States Steel, both the Common and Pref. stock have touched very low figures, which was to be expected considering what we now know as to the late crisis. If our operator—who has been a bear for months, much to his own advantage—is right in saying that it is time to turn bull, the Steel stocks should have a smart rise with the rest of the Yankee Market. We are not quite sure that the crisis is over, and that is where the speculation comes in.

Argentine Rails have been flat on such old chestnuts as the appearance of locusts. The insects could not have come at a better time, for the crops are in and the seed is not yet up. The Railway earnings are good and likely to continue so for some time, and there are a crop of amalgamation negotiations going on. Except for the general dullness of Stock Exchange matters, there can be no cause to sell.

## THE STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

It looked ominously like rain, and our friend The Stroller quickened his pace as he marched down the Old Broad Street side of the Stock Exchange.

Two men were studying the placard of the *soi-disant* "Great City Daily."

"Lovely, isn't it?" said one. "The idea of that paper going for another on the score of financial morality!"

"Beautiful, indeed!" assented his friend. "We all know how straight and honest and pure and unspotted the *Financial* has been, and we can appreciate the noble indignation which possesses it to scourge others that have not the same financial past to point to."

A drop of rain started The Stroller travelling again. Turning the corner into Throgmorton Street, he saw there was still a little crowd of men between Warnford Court and the Stock Exchange. He was with them in a moment.

"Oh, be hanged, I'm going home—it's going to pour in a moment! Come on, Jimmy Dumps," and one man pulled at a friend's shoulder.

"Get out! Can't I say I don't see where the immediate Kaffir rise is coming from, without being insulted?" said the other, with a laugh. "I *am* consistent, any way, and that's more than you can boast about."

"Well, I feel bullish to-night, at all events, and, as I like the sensation, I don't feel inclined to stop and have it all washed out by a shower of rain."

"The bullish sentiment comes more from your heart——"

"And your bearish tendency springs from your liver, so there you are!"

The Stroller thought he wasn't getting much information to-night, but waited a minute or two longer.

"At the five buy Knights! Buy a hundred Knights at the five!" shouted a shrill voice behind him.

"What's that?" asked a broker, coming up. "Five and five-sixteenths?"

"Yes, sir. Anything to do in them?" and the bidder pushed his way through the crowd with true Stock Exchange vigour when it sees a turn coming.

"They're the things to have, you know, those gold shares," remarked a bystander. "I feel convinced that these gold-producers would pay people to buy much more than the mere gambles like East Rand Mining Estates, although I'm in that market myself."

"The public want speculation when they deal in Kaffirs," declared another, as he tapped his dealing-book with a pencil. "And gambles they will have, whatever you like to say."

"If they are so misguided, they might fairly put away some of the Robinson things, in my opinion."

"What sort? Randfontein?"

"I'd rather have North or South Randfontein as a lock-up."

"And I put away a few Porges the other day," another man chimed in.

"Whatever we buy we've got to keep, that's a dead cert.!"

"The question is how long we shall have to wait. Nobody knows, and the public know that nobody knows, and we may have to wait as long as——"

"Your nose. Night-night, everybody!" and the impertinent jester escaped the other's umbrella by better luck than judgment.

"Never mind, old chappie!" added one who remained. "It's the redeeming feature of an otherwise dull market," and he too disappeared rather rapidly.

"If the public want a gamble, let 'em buy Frank Smiths," urged a dealer; "or General Mining won't hurt them, and both shares are low now."

"There's a quasi-investment air about Luipard's Vlei that attracts me," quoth another.

"They tell me that Cloverfields are worth picking up. And, surely, Cason Gold will go over 5 before the East Rand shareholders get their allotment letters."

"Ought to, any way," and the speaker abstractedly took a cigarette from another man who had just produced his case. "But certainties have an unhappy knack of failing to come off."

"Take your seats for the autumn boom, gentlemen!" cried a voice from the rear. "I'm going up West to book mine. Are you fellows coming, or do you prefer to discuss Kaffirs in the rain?"

Ensued a general stampede, and The Stroller was left alone. A little stream of white had trickled down his back owing to the exertions of the men who are painting the Stock Exchange windows, but he moved off, unconscious of having received any fresh impressions of a physical character.

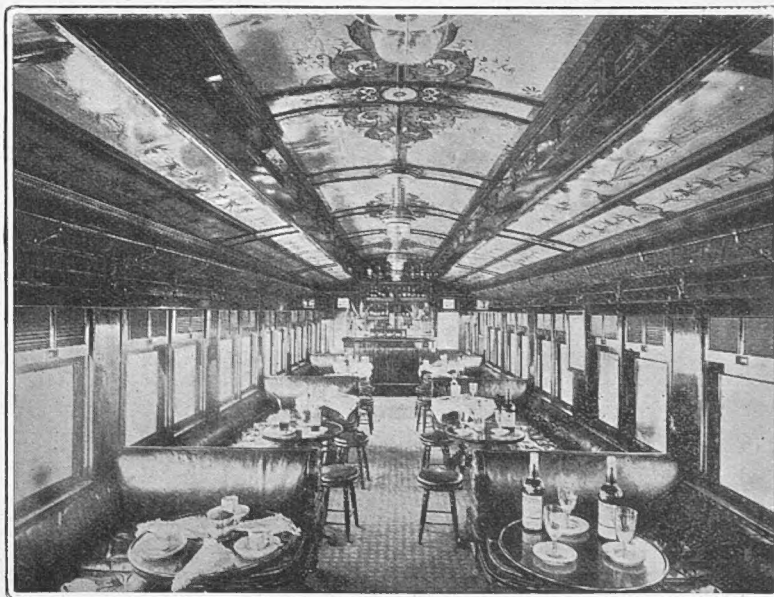
"I can't say I'm in love with the Midland stocks," he overheard somebody say. "But this development of Ireland ought to do them good, you know."

"Then Brums and Westerns may be worth having as well," replied his neighbour.

"And they will all pay better dividends this time, so really there is some ground for an improvement in price."

"I prefer Brums to Midlands, I must confess. But, as Middies are lower priced, they may come into popular favour first."

"Yes. I'll tell my client that, at all events. Oh, blow this rain!"



CENTRAL ARGENTINE RAILWAY: A DINING-SALOON



And off they went, while The Stroller made tracks for his broker's office, as it rained—rained—Rained.

#### POLITICS AND THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

Much force can be found in the argument that the fiscal proposals of the Colonial Secretary only add one more to the long string of hindrances to business with which the Stock Exchange is already familiar. The mere prospect of such far-reaching changes coming into practical politics is sufficient to cause manufacturers of every kind to hold their hands from Stock Exchange transactions, so long as the period of uncertainty and waiting shall last. What would be the consequences of the adoption of Mr. Chamberlain's views it is utterly impossible to tell, and, with Stock Exchange markets enervated and uneasy, the negative policy of doing nothing must perforce commend itself to many with spare capital at hand for profitable employment. Then, too, there is the chance of a General Election in the early days of winter, and herein we have a fresh cause for inaction, for a holding aloof from the House on the part of the public. Of course, Capel Court prides itself upon being Conservative to the backbone, but to an assembly of practical business-men the conduct of the nation's affairs during the last year or two hardly admits of enthusiasm, and even now there are to be heard grumbles against the way in which a fresh drawback to business has been launched upon the nation, at the very time when a peaceable return to normal conditions seemed to be the one thing needful.

#### THE YANKEE SEE-SAW.

With British operators again gambling in Americans, it becomes probable that, in course of time, the investor may be led to turn his attention to this market, and, so long as the latter confines his capital to such high-class Yankees as we indicated in our last week's "Notes," there is no reason to divert him from American shares. But the gambling counters of the market are only for the speculator. Their spasms will continue for several months to come before the Yankee Market is likely to settle down; those who can play the in-and-out game with coolness and judgment—daring to buy when all is flat, daring to sell when buoyancy forbids it—these will make money out of Americans. In regard to merits of the lines, it is impossible to speak in general terms, but we may quote a racy paragraph from the circular of a New York broker who declines to believe that dividends can be paid and maintained upon a vast proportion of the Common stock issued by the railroads and industrial enterprises of the United States. He remarks—

Nearly all of these Common stocks are in reality only fancy printed paper, at first issued in basket-loads to promoters and underwriting syndicates, and put out among the public by giving them a fictitious value in the market based upon statements of officials as to the probability of paying dividends in the near future, which statements the authors could never have reasonably expected to carry out. The prices for these shares on the Stock Exchange have often been maintained through duplicity, manipulation, circulation of false rumours, and "wash" sales. It has become a perfect business for the insiders of these Companies to find a market for the Common stock which they received as part of their profit for promotion and manipulation, by having them listed on the New York Stock Exchange and by giving them fictitious values in the manner above stated, and by this means they have obtained money from the public for these watered shares. The remaining shares that the public have not taken have been given the name of "undigested securities."

Such sweeping generalities are, of course, applicable to many of the shares regularly gambled in by the London operator, and they contain truths that should give pause to the *bonâ-fide* investor who wants to buy low-priced Yankees because they "look cheap."

#### FIRE INSURANCE AND THE CITY OF LIVERPOOL.

The Royal Insurance Company have issued a very interesting pamphlet on the occasion of the completion of their new Head Office, in which they point out that the annual fire-insurance premium incomes of the great Liverpool offices amount to about £6,000,000, out of a total of all British Companies of about £20,000,000. The flourishing state of fire-insurance business in Liverpool is very remarkable, and that one provincial town should be the home of the Liverpool, London, and Globe, the London and Lancashire, and the Royal is a noteworthy fact.

Saturday, June 20, 1903.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

LEEDS.—We believe both concerns are utterly rotten. If you will look at the balance-sheets, you will see how rotten. Cut off the sums which are put down for patents, goodwill, &c., and very little is left. It is said the stock in the balance-sheets is antiquated and unsaleable.

SEAL.—See last answer. The Trust is, in our opinion, a very bad investment.

H. R. (Bohmen).—Your letter was answered on the 19th inst.

LEAMINGTON.—Yes, we think well of both the Tramway Companies, especially the South American one.

SULTAN.—The Bank would not be good enough for our own money. It is a money-lending, bill-of-sale sort of institution.

KAPPA.—The mine is undoubtedly one of the best in the world, but it has become more of an investment than a speculation, and we know of no reason to expect that the dividend will be increased at an early date, or that there will be any considerable rise in the price of shares.

M. F.—Your letter was answered on the 19th inst.

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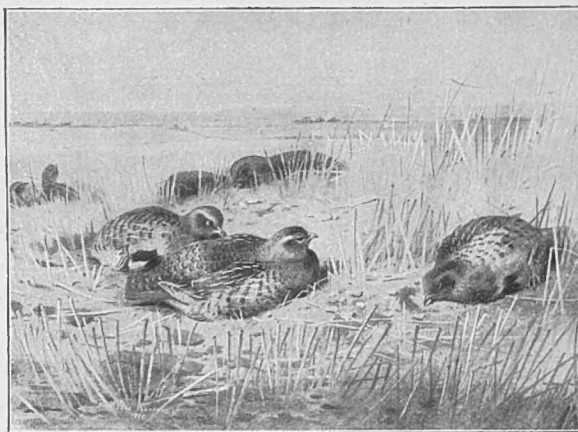
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